REPORT OF

THE VOYAGE OF THE

"CASTLE EDEN"

WITH INFORMATION ABOUT

EARLY CANTERBURY &

WELLINGTON.

A Report to the

Archbishop of Canterbury, England,

from the Reverend Thomas Jackson,

Bishop Designate of Lyttelton, 1850.

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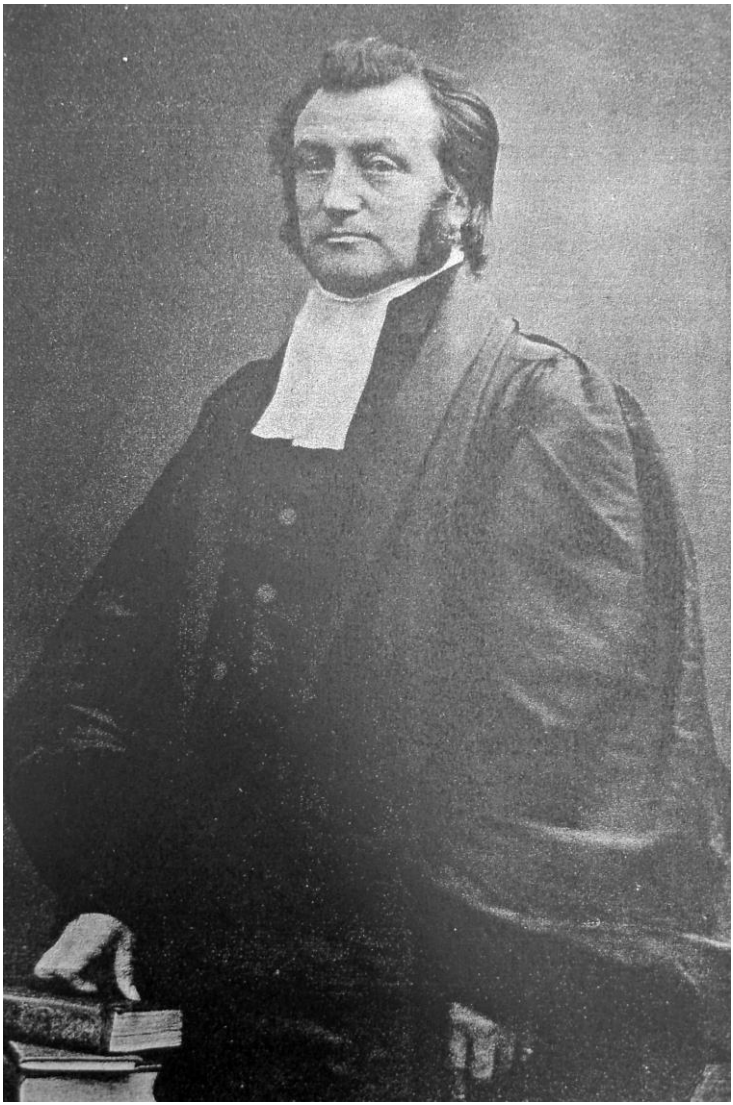

Thomas Jackson

INTRODUCTION

When the Canterbury Association started its scheme of colonisation the intention was that the new colony should be an English Church settlement and provided with a complete organisation for church government, such as pertained in England; that is, a bishop, clergymen, schoolmasters and so on.

There was some difficulty in finding a clergyman suitable for bishop. About two years after the first meeting of the Association the name of the Reverend Henry William Maddock was put forward and approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr Maddock joined the Association in April 1850, but in a fortnight or so, begged to be excused, and retired. Perhaps the difficulties he envisaged in travel and setting up the church were too onerous. In May the name of the Reverend Thomas Jackson, MA, Principal of St John's Training College, Battersea, was mentioned, and the Bishop of Norwich (Dr Hinds) was asked to place his name before the Archbishop of Canterbury, who at once gave his approval. It was regarded by the Association as a great triumph to have secured Mr Jackson as Bishop Designate, and the fact was ordered to be announced in all the daily papers of importance.

Battersea Training College was a college devoted to the training of teachers for the English Church schools. There were no state schools then and teachers from this college were much sought after, not only in England, but also in the English colonies.

Thomas Jackson, born in 1812, was the son of a Wesleyan clergyman. He was educated at St Saviour's School, Southwark, and St Mary's Hall, Oxford where he graduated BA in 1834. In 1844, at the early age of 32, he was appointed Principal of St John's, a position he retained until the New Zealand engagement. This commenced in June 1850 and from that time

until he sailed in September of that same year he addressed many meetings on behalf of the Association's project. He did much to further the cause and his speeches on the subject were very well received.

A legal hitch was discovered some time before the first immigrant ships left England. The Letters Patent appointing the Bishop of New Zealand (Dr Selwyn) had no clause providing for a resignation of part of the New Zealand Diocese which would have been needed if another person were to be appointed in Canterbury. It was determined that the Diocese of Lyttelton should include all of the South Island whereas Dr Selwyn wished to resign from only the Canterbury Settlement and Otago. In view of this, Jackson undertook to go to New Zealand and discuss the matter with Selwyn and others. He had in his possession a document for Selwyn's signature which would have Selwyn resigning the Sea of New Zealand. In the end, another document was signed by him in which he only resigned the Canterbury and Otago areas. There was some doubt about the legality of this document.

Jackson then proposed to return to England to have the matter regularised with the Archbishop of Canterbury. It appears that he also wished to be consecrated Bishop by the highest Church authority to ensure his position. He was then to return to Lyttelton and take up his post. He must have been a keen man for long ocean voyages as the trip each way was around one hundred days. It would appear that his wife, Elizabeth, who travelled out to New Zealand was much less keen. Two of their children also accompanied them.

Jackson was only in Canterbury about six weeks but he was very active in church matters, and travelled extensively, during that time as the main report shows. It was written by Jackson to the Archbishop of Canterbury, presumably on the homeward voyage. It is likely that he made notes at the time of his travels.

He had arrived back in England during September 1851 after visiting Sydney. When reading the report, it was fully obvious that he intended to return to Canterbury to take up his position. This was not to be. Jackson, despite his earlier good reputation, was not a popular man here. He lost the support of the locals, and had some difficulties with the Association. Perhaps he was simply temperamentally unsuited to be a colonist but none of this was reflected in his report which is only positive. Because of the problems there had been moves against him and he never took up the bishopric to which he had been appointed. Apparently, the Archbishop of Canterbury persuaded Jackson to withdraw any claims he had to the post and thus, he stayed in England. A face-saving announcement was made claiming that Jackson's wife was unable to undertake another long voyage because of sickness. A rector's position was found for him at St Mary's, Stoke, in England where he developed a reputation as preacher. He died in 1886.

Thomas Jackson has often been referred to as the Bishop Designate of Canterbury but this is not strictly correct. His title was the Bishop Designate of Lyttelton. This was because it was thought that Lyttelton would become the principal town of the new settlement. Therefore, his title was, and is, unique.

This report was first published by *The Star* in Christchurch during 1932. It was a weekly serial which ran between January and March and has been reprinted with the newspaper's consent. Originally, the report was made available to the newspaper by a grandson of Jackson. There is no way of knowing what editorial amendments, if any, were given to the text at that time but perhaps the various sub-headings were inserted to break up otherwise long columns of type although they could have been part of the original. These headings have been retained, and apart from a few obvious typographical errors which have been corrected, this edition has attempted to retain all the spellings and punctuations that were in the

published version. Some are rather quaint. In a few places, an explanatory note has been inserted in square brackets to help clarify some details. [Thus.] The sometimes rambling and largely irrelevant comments by made by Jackson in parts of the narrative have also been retained as they give an insight into the man himself. The publisher feels that much of the historical information contained in his report is worth being made available to a modern audience. The publisher also acknowledges the Christchurch Public Library for providing the copy of the reports used to prepare the typesetting.

The Appendix is a further report about the voyage of the *Castle Eden* and subsequent events. It was written by Jackson's son, Admiral Sir Thomas Sturges Jackson, probably in the early 1900's. He was about eight years old at the start of the voyage. This too was first published by *The Star* and although the actual publication date has not been ascertained it would appear to have been somewhat later than that of the main report.

The Voyage of the *Castle Eden*

On Board the Ship

On Monday morning I summoned the courage to mount the poop and make inquiries relative to our relative position, when I discovered that instead of being on the western edge of The Bay of Biscay, as the dancing motion of the huge vessel would have lead us to believe, the gale had driven her back up the Channel and she was within sight of Plymouth. We had been long using our storm sails, and the wind showed no signs of abatement. We observed the pilot who had guided the vessel out of the harbour, hovering around us in his strong-build boat, which contained midships, another mere cockle-shell, in which, if required, he was ready to come on board. On receiving a signal from the captain, the intrepid fellow lowered his little craft into the quivering waters; and having rowed by two assistants, in a few minutes mounted our side and was safe on deck.

Instead of struggling with a head wind, our prow towards the Atlantic, while we seemed really to sight the Needles, the ship was soon put about, and dashed along the billows like some gallant courser, to whom the rider had given rein. So back we came to Plymouth, the ship-agent looking at us with grim dissatisfaction; having indulged in the fallacious hope that they had fairly got rid of us, and all the multifarious and unprofitable trouble and bustle, which belong to an emigrant ship, outward bound.

A Final Adieu

We returned to the hospitable parsonage of Mr Hutchinson, and gave hearty thanks that night, in the public congregation, at the daily evening prayer, to Almighty God for His great mercy and goodness towards us. On Tuesday, October 8, [1850] the wind having moderated, and veered to a favourable quarter again we set sail. We passed one and another of the familiar

cliffs and headlands between Plymouth and the Lizard Point; many of our passengers gazing at them with wistful and longing eyes, as bidding them a final adieu. A fine breeze upon our quarter now sprang up; the last dim outline of the coast disappeared in the mist, and nothing was to be seen but the sea and the clouds and "the blank horizon round and round."

Course Of The Ship

As it may be interesting to future Canterbury colonists to compare the course of our ship with their own, I proceed to give it at length, the particulars of it having been furnished to me day by day, by my friend, Captain Thornhill. I have subjoined a similar account of the four ships which preceded us, in an appendix. At noon on October 10 we were in the latitude of Nantes, and in longitude of 10W. of Greenwich, omitting the minutes. On the 11th in that of Bordeaux, longitude 12 W. On the 12th in that of Vigo, longitude 15 W. Between the Western Isles and Lisbon the breeze was very light and variable; but on October 19th we were in the latitude of Madeira and longitude 19 W.

Early in the morning of October 26 we beheld at a distance of about thirty miles the bold outline of St Anthony, the north-westernmost of the Cape Verde Islands, rising seven thousand four hundred feet above the surface of the sea. On November 6th we were in 7 degrees of north latitude and in 20 degrees of west longitude. Running in a south-west course we crossed the line on November 12 in 26 degrees west longitude. On November 16 we had reached 10 degrees south latitude and 26 degrees west longitude. On the evening of the 19th we were almost in sight of the rocky island of Trinidad which lies at latitude 20 degrees, 29 minutes, 30 seconds south and in longitude 20 degrees, 10 minutes west.

Our course now became easterly, and on December 11 we came in sight of the rugged and uneven heights terminating in the hummocks which form the veritable Cape of Good Hope.

On December 13 we anchored in Table Bay, and set sail again on 21st of the same month. Taking a south-east course, we prepared to run along the line of 40 degrees south latitude as closely as the wind would permit. On New Year's Day 1851 we reached longitude 56 degrees east of Greenwich. By January 13 we were in longitude 101 degrees east, still keeping near the fortieth degree of south latitude. On January 24 we were in the longitude of Hobart Town, and had run several degrees of latitude to the south. Early in the morning of February 2 we passed the Snares, a group of dangerous rocks near the southern extremity of Stewart's Island and on the evening of February 4 we beheld for the first time the distant outline of the picturesque mountains which form Banks Peninsula.

A Disappointment

Elated we were to the utmost at the prospect of a speedy termination to our long and somewhat tedious voyage. But we were destined to be disappointed. Anxious parties of passengers might be seen, some clambering to the front of the forecastle; some to the maintop; all expecting that the ship would anchor next morning at Port Victoria, almost within sight of Lyttelton. But night came on. It was deemed necessary to stand out to sea. On the day following, calms and doubtful squalls impeded our course. Again we sighted the varied peaks of the peninsula, bathed in the richest hues of the New Zealand sunset. The vessel glided noiselessly along the northern shore. The colonists watched with intense interest every succeeding headland, every opening bay; with its deep foliage, feathering down to the very edge of the waters. We had passed Wakaroa [Akaroa] Harbour. Pigeon Bay was gradually unfolding its recesses on our left. The bold bluff head, bare and craggy, which is to hand down Mr Godley's name to future generations, lifted its scalp before us.

Behind in the remoter distance was the sharp point of Mount Pleasent, which looks on Lyttelton. To the right lay the

vast expanding waters of Pegasus Bay. Gradually the wind died away.

A Sweet-scented Breeze

The sails flapped idly against the masts. A heavy current set in, and threatened to drive the vessel upon the rocks. So we anchored there, within twelve miles of our destination; intending if the wind permitted us, to enter the harbour next morning. Such, however was not to be our lot. A fresh breeze sprang up with the rising sun, but was directly in the teeth of our course. A more odoriferous breeze never, one might imagine, blew off the shore of the shore of the Spice Islands. It was redolent of roses and thyme. The cow opened her nostrils with delight and gave a hearty low. The birds on board, which had long been mute and songless, began to warble merrily. We took these as good omens; and though temporarily disappointed, we were all in high spirits.

But shortly a gale began to blow, far more fierce and boisterous than any we had encounted during our voyage. If the huge bulk of Australia had not intervened between us and the Mauritius, we could have imagined that some circular storm had lost its way and passed from the Indian to the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to the unwearied energy of our captain, under God, not a spar was broken nor a sail rent during this tremendous visitation.

So, on the next day, with a favourable wind, we stood again towards the port. Very early in the morning, we descried afar the snow-clad peaks of the Kaikouras, and the mountain range, with its cloudcapped summits, that bound like a wall, the western side of the Canterbury Plains. As we approached nearer our excitement increased. The sick began to recover, the desponding to hope. The heights of Banks Peninsular, seen under new aspects, the grouping of mountain and valley changing as the ship sailed on, seemed to have gained rather than lost, in beauty. Adderly Head, a little retiring behind the

bolder bluff opposite, opened to view, and the delightful bay, which is to be called Levy no more, but after the consort of our Sovereign.

At morning prayers we sang "Te Deum" with overflowing hearts. And now we had entered the port of our destination. As the ship sailed along with a favouring breeze, we realised all we had seen in pictures and read in the books. There were the rough craggy heights described in Mr Godley's letter. The distant line of road from Lyttelton to the Plains seemed like a long scratch, almost horizontal, marked on the steep hillsides on our right hand.

On the left, the waters were sleeping in the many minor bays, which intervene between the town and the entrance to the harbour. The first sign of civilization was a sheep-fold belonging to Messrs Rhodes, on the shore of a small indentation, and the distant outhouses of their station. Before us was a large expanse of water bounded by lofty mountains. We had not reached our anchorage; our sails were furled. Down into the depths of the water went the anchor with a thundering din, and up to heaven three hearty and unanimous cheers from the colonists on board.

Incidents Of The Voyage

I do not think it necessary to interrupt by narrative with any lengthy accounts of the incidents which occurred during our voyage. The romance of travelling by sea has often been described by writers far more competent than myself. Your Lordship must imagine what albatrosses and mollemokes were shot or caught with a line by our fellow passengers; what complaints were made, against the association, for one and another inconvenience which no human foresight could have prevented; what sharks we hooked and albicores; what phosphorescent medusae glittered in the nightwatches; what whales gambolled around our ship, mistaking us, perhaps, for some kindred monster; what involuntary toll was taken by

Neptune, with his beard of oakum and his attendant, Amphitrite, dressed in an old bonnet and faded pelisse. Nor will I recount at length our adventures at the Cape of Good Hope. It will be sufficient for me to state that my visit to that ancient colony, and my communications with the best informed persons in it, led me to appreciate more highly than ever the political wisdom of those who have planned and worked out the scheme of the Canterbury Settlement. I need scarcely say that I found myself respected when I claimed Mr Adderley as a friend; and that I rejoiced to see the principal street of the South African capital bearing his name.

At Cape Town

The exertions made by the Church throughout the whole diocese of Cape Town call for devout thankfulness to Almighty God. Everywhere I saw signs of her living energy; everywhere the tacit acknowledgement that in her is the spirit of movement, progress, and self-denying work. All this dates from the appointment of Dr Gray to be the Bishop of the Diocese.

On Saturday morning, December 1, I preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, a church built in imitation of St Pancras new church, Euston Square, and I received a request that the sermon might be printed. The mode in which the service was conducted excited much pleasure in all our colonists who were present. On the day previous I found Dr Bickersteth, the principal medical practitioner of the city, superintending the musical practice of the National School children and the choir. It was a cheering sight; for his time must be most valuable to him. A Sunday School is held in the schoolrooms adjoining; it appeared to me that the children were very respectable. This was explained by the fact that the labourers are well paid, and their families well dressed. Still, I missed the poor. Surely they have not perished out of that land.

Our settlement was an object of lively interest among many of the inhabitants, and some talked seriously of joining us. My

wife, [Elizabeth] [and two of] my children [Thomas Sturges and Blomfield] and myself were entertained with the kindliest hospitality at Protea, the residence of my dear friend, the Bishop. [Their other children had remained in England.] He was absent from home on a tour of visitation in the eastern part of his vast diocese which I rejoice to learn is about to be divided, but he was well represented by Mrs Gray. We made several visits to places of historical importance or natural beauty; on one day, to Newlands, where Count la Casas was for some time under, what the French call surveillance, and I am not sorry that we do not have any word to express exactly the same idea in the English language; on another to Rondebosch and Wynberg, pretty villages with pretty churches; on a third to the celebrated vineyards of Constania; and again to some wild mountain scenery, commanding a fine view of the range of the Blueberg.

Botanical Enthusiasts

We called on Mr. White, the warden of the college recently commenced by the Bishop, and found him residing in the midst of a considerable estate, situated on a tableland, which secures its healthiness, and opulent [opulence?] in botanical specimens. The heaths alone would tempt a horticulturist. The college buildings are by no means commensurate with the rising character of the institution. I trust that I shall live to hear that they have been utterly swept away and replace by an appropriate structure adopted to purposes of public education. I found Mr. Sheard, a Battersea schoolmaster, working faithfully in an elementary school attached to the church at Rondebosch. Mr. Newman, the senior chaplain, also received us with much kindness. His house occupies a garden which once belonged to a gentleman remarkable for botanical enthusiasm. It contains a wonderful variety of trees, of every climate and country; I saw them for the first time growing in the open air the pines of Norfolk Island and of Morton Bay.

Mr. Douglas showed us the old Dutch churches of Cape Town, and the director of the Botanical Gardens presented us with a box of plants peculiar to the country, or rare in the northern climates. Sir Henry Smith, the Governor of the colony, was absent on a visit of sad omen in Cafferland; we were introduced to his wife, a Spanish lady by birth, to whom I could not help comparing the Cape Colony and Andalusia [in Spain]. If the amphibious Moor, who treasured water, as if it were life-blood, because he came from a land where it is scarce, had colonised South Africa, instead of the equally amphibious Dutchmen, who migrated from a country where it was too plentiful, how different might have been the result. It appeared to me, as a passing stranger, that there was little or no irrigation of the soil compared with what might be realised if the tastes of the people and their ancestral habits had been those which belong to land where a fountain is bequeathed as the most precious inheritage and "a river of streams" the first pledge of fertility and increase.

Some views which I strongly entertain relative to the fitting up of our ships, the mode of victualling them, and the arrangements which ought to be made before they start and for the maintenance of moral discipline, during the voyage, I hope to develop in a subsequent communication.

Life On Board

It will, I am sure, be not displeasing to your Lordship for me to add that, during our voyage, Divine service was performed every night and every morning in the cuddy of the vessel, with two exceptions, from the day when we set sail the second time to that in which we landed in Port Lyttelton. The hymns of the Church were chanted by the children of the emigrants, led by two of the Battersea schoolmasters who were on board. An elementary school was held on deck, including boys, girls, and infants, whenever the state of the weather would permit. The children, I have reason to believe, made satisfactory progress in

their learning, considering the unavoidable interruptions amidst which the classes were taught. The toys so liberally provided for them, at the expense of the land purchasers, beguiled many an hour of tedium.

It would have rejoiced your Lordship's heart, to see how many "make believe" banquets were held in out of the way corners with little wooden and metal dishes supplied from the toy-box; what a dressing and undressing there was of dolls, and best of all, how popular were the games of skipping and tops.

In order to promote the spiritual and intellectual improvement of my fellow passengers, I delivered several courses of lectures; one course upon the period of the Reformation and that immediately preceding it; another on the Missions of the Church of England, and another on the Rationale of the Book of Common Prayer.

Three births, three deaths, and three marriages occurred during the voyage. We left Plymouth finally on October 8, and arrived in Lyttelton on February 7; in all, 122 days. Making reasonable allowance for the loss time occasioned by our visit to Cape Town, we may reckon that our voyage was a week longer than that of the Three Ships, which so remarkably arrived at the settlement within a few hours of each other.

The Welcome

We had hardly cast anchor, and, were looking wistfully towards, that point of the road on our right hand, to which I have already adverted, where it bent inwards towards the town, thinking that we could descry among the distant gazers of our vessel, the forms of our dear friends who had reached the settlement before us, when we observed a whale-boat, rapidly rowed, rounding the headland, which forms one horn of Cavendish Bay, and conceals the Port Town from those sailing up the harbour. It soon drew near, and in a few minutes we were shaking hands with Mr Fitzgerald, the Rev Edward Puckle, Mr Butterfield, and other colonists, who had come off in the first

boat that could be found, to welcome us to Lyttelton. Glad enough to leave the ship, and tread the solid ground once more, we lost no time embarking with them. A few minutes more bought us in sight of Port Town.

Your Lordship will ask, what were my first impressions? Those, I hesitate not to say, of most agreeable disappointment. We had been taught, by many persons, to look for nothing but exaggeration and falsehood in the accounts of colonial affairs. We feared that the bright visions of New Zealand climate and scenery, which we might form, would be grievously belied by reality. What then, was our delight to find every natural feature of the country immeasurable grander than we supposed, and the arrangements made to meet the material wants of the colonists far more complete.

The landscape lacked nothing; hedgerows and white farmhouses and sweet church spires to vie in picturesqueness and grace with the lakes of Italy. The wonderful pictures of New Zealand cloud-land, presenting combinations of richly tinted vapour of every possible variety, overhung the bold mountains which skirt the harbour, at on time resting on resting on their jagged tops, at another leaving them bare. Some of these craigs are so much like the old feudal remains which crown the heights of the Rhine, the Elbe and Danube that I could almost suppose myself gazing once more on the ruins of Rhein fels or the grey towers of the Konigstrin.

The surveyors have given to one height the name of Castle Hill; it is somewhat loftier than Snowdon and far out vies in extent and massiveness, the once "shattered wall" of Erhenbreitstein

Nestling at the feet of the surrounding hills and gradually extending itself up their slopes is the town of Lyttelton. A sea-wall of timber, more ambitious, I fear, than durable extends along the inner edge of Cavendish Bay. Near the middle of this wall is the "splendid jetty," a strong wooden framework superior to any like structure at Wellington, and such as would not disgrace the Thames itself. Immediately on the left is the

store of the association. On the right the hillside has been cut away and a large wharf, quay or landing place formed, where heaps of bricks, coals, ploughs, timber, carpentry, etc lie for sale. Beyond this is a boat-house, used as a store of baggage, and, further still upon the shore, the little surveyor's house, which during my stay was dignified by the name of the Palace.

On the space in front of it we pitched one of Mr Edington's tents, in which two of our party slept. Beyond the store of the association is an open quay, and immediately behind it is a road or street parallel to the seawall; the centre of business in Lyttelton. The frontage here is already very valuable. The first shop is that of Mr Alport, a worthy merchant and Custom House agent. Then come several others - an eating house, of which the cookery is well reported; the store of Messrs Longden and Le Cren, two highly respectable merchants; the "Mitre Hotel," a little wooden building, etc, etc. These houses are for the most part small and temporary. They look like the toys of grown-up child's play.

Early Lyttelton

The Houses of the First Settlers, The Bridal Track

Landing at the jetty, let us proceed up the broad street, which runs at right angles to the quay. A band of active contractors are macadamising it. On the right are the immigration barracks; a series of wooden structures, concerning which it is said by all those who have visited colonial cities at their foundation, they are far superior to any that were ever prepared beforehand for the first body of pioneers. The interior of the largest of these buildings has been cleared out, the partitions removed, and it is rudely, yet not inconveniently fitted up as a church. It is also used for the Grammar School of the college, and the space at the lower end is temporarily occupied by the Commercial School. A little further [on] are the

temporary offices of the Union Bank of Australia, and on the opposite side of the road those of the "Lyttelton Times."

On landing I was met by the clergy in their robes and by all the school children with their teachers, who came marching two and two. I found our good friend, Mr Brittan on the jetty. A few minutes later, Mr Godley appeared, the news of the ship's arrival having quickly travelled through the little town. We were soon comfortably established in his most hospitable residence. Here let me once and for all acknowledge his kindness and that of Mrs Godley. In short, all the colonists received us with warmth and affection and I look forward to spending the remainder of my days among them with satisfaction and delight. If our little society is to be split into parties and torn by factions by unscrupulous ambition and by coarse intrigue, the bad elements which are to produce this miserable state have not yet arrived, and long may the evil day, that is to bring them, be postponed.

"Simple Justice"

The house of the Chief Agent of the Association is a pretty and picturesque cottage, in a kind of Elizabethan style, with a small lawn in front, sown with English grasses, the bright green of which contrasts well with the browner vegetation of the uncultivated mountains around. At the lower end of this lawn stand the offices of the Association where in a little lobby Mr Godley "sits" literally "in the gate," and administers such simple justice as the present state of crime of Lyttelton requires. This is not very appalling. The cases brought before him arise chiefly out of quarrels of ships, and assaults and small robberies committed by "old hands" as they are termed. These are chiefly runaway convicts or convicts whose term of imprisonment has expired.

The offices of the Association stand in the street already referred to. A second broad street now opens to view on the right hand and the left. On the right it joins the unfinished road

to Sumner and Christchurch. On the left it extends across the valley in which the town stands, and some distance up the hill. The right hand side of this street is the property of Mr Watts Russell. It contains several houses, the most conspicuous being that of the owner.

Behind, up the hills on all sides lie spread a mass of buildings, tents and mud huts, including a gaol. Some of them are most primitive in their construction. They remind the spectator of the rude dens which are to be found in no part of the world but the south-west of Ireland. It is almost laughable to observe the gracefully dressed ladies that emerge on Sunday morning from these caves and holes in the earth.

The Sod Houses

Mr Ward resides in a house built of sods, with a floor of the native earth. A curtain separates his apartment from that of the servants, and like that of the cobbler in the nursery rhyme, it serves him for "parlour, kitchen, and all." He will soon remove to the farm on Quail Island. Mr Stuart Wortley's temporary residence consists of planks, and would stand roof and all, in Lord Wharncliffe's dining-room. It is famous for a chimney that does not smoke.

Two or three hundred yards beyond we descry the cottage of our valued friend, Mr Fitzgerald. It will, when completed, be an elegant, though simple and unostentatious building. A commanding site has been selected for the parish church, and another, higher up the hill, removed from the bustle of the port, for the parochial schools. This site includes a playground for the children, and a spot where they are to be taught to cultivate a garden. Still further on the mountain side, a beautiful spot has been set aside for a cemetery. Already it contains some graves; already some of the pilgrim fathers have arrived at their last home.

The annual rental of some of the town sections promises to be considerable. The space on which the town stands is limited,

being bounded on all by lofty and impracticable mountains; hence arises the value of those spots, which are near the sea shore, and easily accessible.

The Port Road

The road to Christchurch is a good specimen of colonial engineering, and reflects much credit on all who have been engaged in its construction. It varies in width, according to the nature of the soil through which it is cut. It is carried along the outermost edge of a line of rugged and precipitous rocks, sometimes over gullies, ravines and water-courses, where bridges and walls had to be constructed, on which the roadway rests. It is at once the Simplan and Watling Street of the settlement, and must be completed at whatever cost, before the Port can be made fully available for the plains, or the natural resources of the plains cannot be developed.

Meanwhile, an access to the plains has been provided by means of what is called the Bridle Path. This is a roadway, about eight feet wide, which has been cut nearly straight over the hills which intervene between Lyttelton and Christchurch. Instead of winding many miles like the road already described, that no portion of the ascent may be greater that one in twenty, it rises boldly up the mountain side, being in one part almost as steep as the roof of a house. It is the principal thoroughfare for travellers on foot, and easily practicable for horses and mules. It is confessedly a make-shift, but a most valuable one fully equal to the old packhorse roads of England and to those mountain pathways, along which the precious burdens of Moorish commerce were borne, when Granada was the capital of a monarchy, and Cordova contained half a million souls.

Permit me, my Lord, to conduct you to the summit of the Bridle Track and to show you and our friends in England the scene which presents itself. We pass along to the end of the esplanade, leaving the new Custom House behind us on our left. Beginning to mount the ascent, we perceive a pathway

following the contour of the bay: it leads to the residence of Mr Dampier, one of the earliest settlers. As we rise, Lyttelton seems to be placed beneath our feet. The larger merchantmen, lying at anchor in the harbour, which were hidden from the town by the eastern horn of Cavendish Bay, now come into view, and add to the life of the scene. Before us are the deep blue waters of the Port, looking like some landlocked lake, some bay of the Lake of Como or reach of the Lago Maggiore. Beyond are piled the mountain crags of the Peninsula, from which the cheerful smoke of a native village or settler's clearing is here and there rising.

Between two lines of distant hills the placid expanse of Ellesmere may be descried, and in very bright weather, the outline of the ocean beyond. We have now reached the crest of the pass; and stand amidst a thousand manifestations of the wisdom and the power of God. The mountains around us are clad in robes of ever-varying colour. The clouds painted in such hues as I have never beheld before, though I have watched them careering around the Sierra Nevada, from the terraces of the Alhambra, and the rolling down the Alps at Chamouni – cover the cliffs with beautiful folds, and then gradually leaving their summits bare, lift them up to an immeasurable height. Amidst the wild vegetation around us protrude masses of calcined rock, showing that at one time the mountains were a fiery stream, driven perhaps out of those volcanic furnaces, of whose still labouring recesses Mount Erebus, in the frozen ocean, is the safety valve.

Canterbury Plains

And now let us cross the ridge, and gaze upon the Canterbury Plains of which we have heard so much. There they lie exactly as they have been described – a vast expanse of waving grass, through which wind several clear and bright streams. Assuming that we have brought our horses with us the top of the Bridle Path, we lead them for a few score yards down

the steepest part of the zigzag roadway, between two bold spurs of the range; and then mount them and canter along bearing to the left.

On a clear day we can see the sand hills along the far-extending shore of Pegasus Bay, thrown up by the ocean, and helping to form the bars at the mouths of rivers. Beyond may be traced the snowy peaks of the Kaikouras, reminding one of the view of the Pyrenees from the country to the south of Toulouse, with the Landes to one's right, or those enchanting glimpses of the Alps, which the tourist obtains as he crosses the plain of Lombardy. Often when standing on the site of Christchurch have I tried to realise the reflections of the heroic spirits who founded Milan.

We mount and descend successive spurs of the Peninsula range, brushing through the long towi-towi grass which here and there lifts its graceful, feathery stalks higher than our horses' heads. Sometimes we splash through land covered with the phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax, and therefore known to be swampy and moist, requiring drainage, but when drained, remarkable for its fertility. Sometimes we rise to the crest of an advancing knoll, and look over the plains for fifty miles in almost every direction, and hear that colonist has selected this or that spot for his farm, and means to build his house on that sheltered height, commanding such and such a view, and that below are the tents or huts of the labourers be brought out from England, or has hired in the colony.

Continuing our ride, we reach the Heathcote, the first river that drains the plains. By this time our historical and geographical sentimentalities, as an old colonist would perhaps call them, have been exhausted; we no longer discourse of the splendid future, but our talk is of cattle and horses and sheep farming; or of the capabilities of the plains for agricultural purposes. As we ride along we meet several colonists well able to give an opinion on the subject, from their long experience. They are unanimous in their testimony as to the goodness of the land. Some will speak gloomily about the price of labour and

others about the distance of available markets, but all confess that the greater part of the Plains is covered by a stratum of alluvial soil as rich as that of the valley of the Thames in the Old Country.

Footsteps of Civilisation

We rejoice to find the Heathcote flows several feet below the level of that portion of the Plains, which constitutes its water-shed. The drainage of the country around must, therefore, be very easy. Having crossed the river by a simple bridge of logs, we see already the footsteps of civilisation. A number of huts and wooden houses become visible; and here and there a surveyor's tent. Carts and horses pass us on the widened road.

"What a place," says some colonist whom we meet, whose spirit has been grieved by the many little trials which beset a new settlement. "What a place! Do you call this magnificent scenery? I would sooner live in Deeping Fens!"

Others whom we encounter are hopeful and some in high exultation. "They are already on their land." They mean to run alongside every incoming ship with fruits, milk, cheese, and vegetables.

"They will be ashamed if at the end of two years Canterbury does not raise provisions amply sufficient for all the inhabitants."

"There must be a good market for some years to come because the emigrants who arrive from time to time will bring money and must eat."

"It will be a crying shame if we do not feed ourselves; if we allow Van Dieman's Land [Tasmania] to be the cornfield and kitchen garden of Christchurch."

"We need not trouble our heads about food. That's sure to come on the unerring law of demand and supply; what we must think of is export. Where is our export? Are any more vessels arriving with sheep? Is it true that the Melbourne wool-growers are about to form stations here?"

"What a shame that the [Canterbury] Association has put a price so high on pasturage licences!"

Riccarton Bush

Proceeding still further, we reach a large field, belonging to the Messrs Deans, two enterprising Scottish gentlemen, who as your Lordship knows, established themselves here many years ago, and called their farm Riccarton, after some cherished village in Ayrshire. Long did they reside in solitariness; having all things richly to enjoy, except the means of grace and the pleasures of civilised society. They were growing tired of the spot, waiting in vain for the fulfilment of their prophetic anticipations that a territory so rich in its resources must become seat of a large settlement, when the Canterbury Association was formed; the plains are surveyed, the colonists arrive, and they find themselves with an extensive freehold estate, the grater part of which is under cultivation in the very centre of a populous neighbourhood.

We pass along the field to which I have referred. The ditching and embanking of it excite our imagination. We reach Riccarton Bush as it is called, a belt of forest trees, vocal with songbirds, the relics of the magnificent woods which covered the great part of the Plains. The sound of the axe is loud in its recesses, and every now and the crash of some king of the forest, falling with a roar like that of distant thunder. We arrive at a paddock with ducks, geese and (I think) turkeys roaming about just like the farmyards of old England. In the distance are a line of ricks, [stacks of hay, corn etc] and hard by some long sheds, which were erected as a shelter for the horses and cattle in winter, but so genial is the climate that the animals have never used them. A little further on is the wooden farm house of these hospitable gentlemen, and I doubt not that we shall find there a hearty welcome, and a luncheon of bucolic abundance.

Just before their door flows the second river on the plains, on which Christchurch stands – the Avon or Shakespeare;

which ceases to be navigable at Christchurch, about four miles lower down. It is here a clear, deep, pellucid stream, about twenty feet wide such as Isaac Walton loved.

A Place of Unaffected Hospitality,
The Riccarton Homestead

Here and there vast trunks of trees lie in and at the side of the waters of the Avon, reminding us of Virgil's Eridanus:

Proluit insano contorquens vortice silvas,
Fluriorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes,
Cum stabulis, arnenta tulit.
Georg. II. 481.

Then rising in his might the King of Floods
Rushed through the forests, tore the lofty woods,
And, rolling onward with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds and labouring hinds away.
Dryden's Georgics, I. 649653

But out Eridanus never sweeps away the stables or the herds; unlike the brimming Italian stream, it flows placidly along, full ten feet below the level of the land.

Having partaken heartily of beef and bannocks with a slice of Lyttelton cheese, the reputation of which is already established, let us ask Mr Deans to show us his garden and farm. In the former are fruit trees, bending to the ground with ripening produce. In the latter I observe a field of sixteen acres, planted with potatoes, looking very healthy, and well adapted for "clearing the land." The corn crops are just housed. The sheep farm contains nearly six thousand sheep: but that is forty miles distance from the residence of the brothers, and extends along the Harewood forest. One drawback to Riccarton is said to be the rapid growth of dock, a pestilential weed, which eats out every nutritious grass, and for which the Valley of the Hutt

is unhappily famous. But this I do not state of my own personal knowledge.

We shall now ride over the estate of Mr Watts Russell, or the broad belt of land which contains Lord Spencer's property, the college farm, and the Episcopal demesne. Let us turn around and proceed in the direction of sea.

The Squatters of Hagley

In looking around, and determining to which point of the compass I will direct my course, I am struck with one circumstance, namely – that the land-owners have had the practical good sense to choose their several properties close to each other. In reference to the great problem in colonial affairs, the best mode of supplying spiritual and educational institutions, this fact is of the highest importance. Four-fifths of the present land-owners are within reach of two churches and two sets of schools. Riding in the direction of Christchurch, we come first to the range of temporary houses and huts, which have been built by families waiting, some for employment and some for the completion of more durable habitations. These occupy the lands reserved for public recreation around the city, and are called the Squatters of Hagley Park. I trust that they will never grow into an "interest," nor give any trouble to the administrators of the "local, municipal and responsible government," which we hope before long to enjoy.

Further on we reach the residence of Mr Pollard, and beyond it, the reserve where stand the temporary parsonage and church, at present worthily occupied by Mr Kingdon. He resides in a little vicarage hut with two rooms, happy and contented, in the conscientious discharge of his sacred duties, and the respect and attachment, as I may confidently affirm, of all his parishioners.

Eels are Delicious

We pass along the banks of the river, which gradually increases in width and depth. It is diversified by an islet here and there, that may hereafter become the "Twickenham Ait" of Christchurch, for the eels are innumerable and their flavour delicious.

Close at hand is a handsome cob house in course of erection on the town allotment of Mr Phillips, and beyond it are the Land Offices of the Canterbury Association. These are built of wood, picturesque in their design, reminding us of the cottage residences which may be seen at Torquay and in the Isle of Wright.

Turning our backs on the spacious verandah, we see before us a broad street, just beginning to be formed, in the centre of which is to stand the Cathedral Church of the diocese. On one side Mr Brittan's house is nearly finished, and on the other, that of Mr Barker, the surgeon. At the time of my visits, the latter resided in a large tent, formed of a studding-sail of the good ship *Charlotte Jane*, and which was known by the name of *Stunsail Hall*. The door bore a brass-plate as stately and suggestive as the brightest in Savile Row; and within, the parlour was graced with the apparatus of a surgery. The kind-hearted owners never turned away any comers from that open door, and beware the colonists who do not remember with thankfulness their generous unaffected hospitality.

Hotels to be Built

Brushing along, through grass and shrubs, we see everywhere signs of progress. Mr Bishop's house and store is a considerable wooden structure, and near and around it are others, of various sizes, materials and shapes. I expect that on my return to the Canterbury Settlement, should my be spared to behold it once more, I shall find the space over which I have so recently ridden, enclosed, and covered with gardens and

habitations. Before my departure, three or four hotels were projected. I trust that these will not disgrace their name; that they will be places for modest entertainment of strangers and country people, and not centres of impurity and drunkenness. I hope that there will be enough of public spirit among the colonists to resent as a personal insult any attempt made for private gain, to demoralise our infant society.

Mountain Grandeur From the Plains.
Promise of Wealth

Let us now ride back, in the direction of Riccarton. Far in the horizon the snowy mountains again excite our admiration. In front of them are several ranges of tableland, reminding one of the broken country which intervenes between Pau and the Pyrenees. I intend, if my life is prolonged, to dive into these regions. We must search out our Via Mala, our Pass of the Splugen and our Roncesvalles. I have in my possession a rough sketch of part of Milford Sound, taken from another made on board the *Acheron*, H.M. Steamship, which has been employed in the survey of the Western Coast of New Zealand. It was presented to me by the courtesy of Captain Stokes, a gentleman whose name will never be mentioned by the inhabitants of New Zealand except with the deepest respect. It is to his enterprise and skill that we owe the accurate survey of our indented coast and many harbours.

This sketch represents enormous mountains, Pelio and Ossa, piled on Olympus, clad in belts of varied foliage; rich in metallic crests, and birds, some of which have never been seen in Europe alive. One peak which he measured is upwards of twelve thousand feet high, that is, higher than Etna or Teneriffe, or any peak of the Pyrenees, and only a little lower than Mount Blanc or Monte Rosa, the loftiest elevations in the Alpine range. It is not unlikely that some vaster monarch towers over them all.

The Golden Fleece

Your Lordship must pardon my enthusiasm in alluding to our mountain systems. It is not merely that their lonely grandeur fills the imagination of the poet with pictures of beauty; or their glaciers and moraines, their plants and animals, and other characteristics, that invite the research of the natural philosopher; but they are most important viewed in relation to the economic resources of our colony. Just as Australia has superseded Saxony and Spain in the European wool-market, so may we supersede the Pyrenees in the growth of kid for gloves. Our mountain tarns are as pellucid and pure as the "gaves" of Arragon and Navarre; our climate as soft; our herbage as delicate. And we are secured from the terrific droughts which render a brown mud-hole in many districts of Australia so precious. Our fleeces never need to be sent to Europe encumbered with dirt. If the moisture of our climate and the very opulence of our grasses be unfavourable to the production of that fine wool, which belongs to an animal, which must walk a mile before he can secure a mouthful; we are not with out compensating advantages. Our fleeces will gain in strength and weight what they want in fineness.

Poetic Reflections

The surprise with which I have often viewed the immeasurable vastness of our wilds and snowy peaks has served to strengthen the impression they have left on my mind. That surprise is mingled with deep curiosity.

I well remember the emotions with which I first held the range of the Carpathians from the terraces of Schoenbrunn, the Alps from Schaffhausen and the Pyrenees from Pau. It was accompanied with an intense, yearning desire to mount them and see what lies beyond. I had read about the dreamlike wastes of these mountains in books, and was prepared to wonder. I was not prepared for the wonders of the Canterbury Settlement, and

therefore they seem more wonderful. I wanted to clamber up these gigantic walls; to see from what awful dells the remoter streamlets take their rise. Where would our future Dante fix entrance to his Inferno? Or our Byron perch his Manfred to behold the dazzling spirit of the cataract, where

"--- The sunbow's rays still arch;
The torrent with many hues of heaven."

Forgive me, my Lord, for these reflections. Our atmosphere is so brilliant, our clouds are so dazzling white; and there is much repose in the perspective of those aerial outlines of mountain, that, the whole soul of the spectator wakes within him. I cannot help remembering much that I had forgotten, and combining and recombining in a sort of delicious abstraction, all the scenery and poetry I have ever beheld or perused; and then I am anxious to explore my new home; to dive into the recesses, which human steps have never reached, to discover something before I die

And I speak not only my own, but the sentiments of every Canterbury colonist, when I add: Oh, that your Lordship could accompany us in some such expedition! Now that the gold-fields of the Australian Cordillera are opened up, and that a line of steam-ships from Southampton to Sydney will be a commercial necessity, I shall not despair of the fulfilment of my desire.

The Absence of Art

Well, are riding towards the mountains, the sight of which caused me to digress into fields of speculation. Their astonishing grandeur will save us in some measure from the privation we should otherwise feel, in the absence of large human works. Amidst such painting and sculpture and architecture of Nature, we shall less regret the want of art. Will our children appreciate these wonders? Will they grow up unimpressed by them because comparatively untutored by the

sight of these beauties of form which the human intellect creates, and by which it learns to measure the marvels of creation? I cannot think that they will be deaf to the music and blind to the fascination of these ancient structures, reared by no less a Hand than that of Him who built the earth and garnished the heavens. We must teach them the meaning of these immoveable domes and ramparts, spires and minarets, piled in granite from the foundation of the world, and thus endeavour to compensate them for the loss of the historical edifices made by hands, which, as instruments of education, exercise so powerful an influence upon old communities.

Pursuing these reflections, we ride rapidly on; skirting Mr Deans's farm, and leaving behind us Riccarton Bush. We traverse the extensive and fertile estate of Mr Watts Russell upon which several agricultural labourers have already fixed their tents. By my return from England, I expect to see Mr Russell's residence completed, and that of his factor and agent, Mr Macfarlane.

We continue our ride, making occasional detours to avoid spots where the moisture has accumulated, and which still require some drainage, and to pass the streams where they are easily fordable. We have ridden eight or nine miles in a straight line from Riccarton, yet we do not perceive any difference in the size of the mountains. They appear as near or as far off as ever.

The Clear Atmosphere

The travellers in central Chile combine in testifying to the clearness and transparency of the air in that country, and the distance at which objects can be distinguished. The single palm tree of the desert between Cairo and Suez is visible for many miles in either direction without seeming larger or smaller to the eye; a fact due not so much to the absence of objects of comparison as to the clearness of the atmosphere. The exact outline of the walls of Carmona in Andalusia may be traced

thirty miles off. It is just the same with us. We ride, and continue to ride, and there the mountains stand, with their grave and suggestive masses, their huge and angular fragments, and shattered crags, which look as though they were split off but yesterday in some vast underground convulsion.

While thus riding along, I have often been struck by the richness and beauty of the grasses. The towi-towi is especially graceful. It consists of a bunch of large course grass about two feet in diameter, of which horses are very fond. Out of this rises a long stem which is sometimes five or six feet high, and at the summit expands a series of fan-like feathers, of most exquisite lightness, of a pale straw colour, and not unlike the heraldic device of the Prince of Wales.

At Mr Deans's farm, white clover is plentiful, and seems to eat out several of the native grasses. A Rich, saccharine couch grass was imported from India to New South Wales some years ago, on which cattle thrived rapidly. I have been promised some seed with which I hope to make experiments in the paddocks and meadows of the Episcopal Estate. It will probably flourish best in sheltered spots, removed from the severer frosts of our winter.

I have conversed with several gentlemen both of Sydney and Melbourne familiar with sheep farming and they all bear a like testimony to the capabilities of the Canterbury Settlement as a wool-growing country. One Sydney merchant has already sent a large cargo of sheep and has received letters from his chief stockman informing him that they are doing remarkably well. In fact, pasturage is boundless. It will carry easily three millions of sheep; enough to render our plains the home not merely of a contented, but a wealthy population. Nor must it be forgotten that lucerne grows with surprising rapidity and luxuriance wherever it is once planted.

Grain Growing

The further we ride, the stronger becomes our conviction that the plains are equally adapted to the growth of grain. I am unable to assign any reason why wheat and barley should not be extensively cultivated. In riding rapidly, one has to take care lest the foot of the horse should trip in a stump hole; that is, in a hole in the ground where the root of a tree has gradually decayed, and which has not been filled by the surrounding soil. This corroborates the testimony of aged natives that at no distant period the plains were covered with huge forest, of which the woods of Riccarton, Papanui, Harewood, and Kaiapoi are fragments. These forests have been destroyed by conflagration. The natives, sometimes for the purposes of war, sometimes by accident, and sometimes for the pleasure of seeing a vast tract of the country in flames, have kindled these fires.

Now wherever in New Zealand a forest is cleared, there the land is found to be well adapted for grain. This is the case with the Valley of the Hutt, near Wellington, which I visited. It costs several pounds sterling to clear an acre of land in this valley, and yet it is found worth the settler's while to do so, as a money speculation, and to sow grain. Surely then it must be equally advantageous to cultivate grain on our plains, which are already cleared for us.

Australian Mountains

And if any one asks me where we are able to find a market for any quantity of wheat which we may produce, beyond what is required for home consumption, I reply that Devine Providence has most mysteriously, most critically supplied a market for us, if we have, as a people, only the wit to avail ourselves to it.

It has been for some years the opinion of geologists in New South Wales (among whom the Rev W. B. Clarke, of St Leonard's, near Sydney, is most conspicuous), that the "Axis and flanks of the Australian Cordillera are of the same geological epoch, and have undergone similar transmuting influences with the axis and flanks of the Ural." I quote from an able letter of the Rev W. B. Clark to the "Sydney Morning Herald," the character and talent of which render it the leading journal of Australasia, that in constituents, in changes produced by ingenious action, in age, in almost every phenomenon, in elevation above the sea, in standing as a wall between the sea and the desert, just as the Ural stands as a wall between what was sea long after the Australian Cordillera became dry land, and the desert of Siberia, there is a perfect analogy in all respects between these distant chains.

Now we know that the Ural is rich in gold beds. They produce, on average three millions sterling a year to the Russian Government. It might therefore be expected that the same result would follow a diligent search over the surfaces of similar hills or their bases, to those which had been successfully employed by the Russian gold-finders. This likelihood has been known for several years to the natural philosophers of New South Wales. They hesitated, however to act upon it. They deemed the growth of wool and the cultivation of the vine and cotton a better source of wealth than the excavation of auriferous deposits.

Lure of Gold

They dreaded the sudden and violent disruption of every social compact, the paralysis of every branch of mercantile, manufacturing and agricultural industry which would follow, for a season at least, the opening of a gold field. The opulence which it would confer, like the prize in a lottery, upon a fortunate few individuals, would be too tempting to the mass of mankind, and all would be seized, as with a madness, with the desire to try their luck in the water-holes from which the

precious metal might be washed. Meanwhile, the accounts brought from time to time of sudden and magnificent fortunes achieved by some of the adventurers who were working on the Consommes and the Sacramento Rivers in California, and the impulse consequently given to every kind of employment there, were gradually attracting many of the inhabitants of Sydney who were not bound to that city by strong religious and social ties. Mechanics and stockmen left lucrative situations and emigrated by hundreds, permanently deserting in several unhappy cases, their wives and children, leaving contractors without workmen and masters without servants.

Among others who visited California was a gentleman of the name of Hargreaves. He returned with the strong impression that nature was exhibiting the same testimony in the mountains of New South Wales as has been read in California, and that the same discoveries would attend experience and skill. Alone he went to search and soon verified his presumptions. Towards the end of May, 1851, his success was complete and undeniable and speedily transpired.

Start of a Boom

The storekeepers of Bathurst, the nearest town to the locality where the gold was found proclaimed far and wide the news. The attractive name of the Ophir was forthwith given to the spot. The facts were whispered among the merchants of Sydney. Some pretended a cautious incredulity and some hinted that the wonderful lumps paraded in the town had been brought in the pocket of some unprincipled Californian; while they ripened their plans for securing a share of the spoil, vessels were suddenly and secretly chartered to distant ports. The coach fares to Bathurst were doubled.

Groups of men might be seen, with a rifle and a tin can slung over their shoulders, and a dray driven by their side, loaded with tents, provisions, clothing and, more especially, mystic machines called cradles, for washing the mud and sand

of the rivers - all marching majestically in one direction. Others, too poor to purchase implements, and too cautious to provide food and clothing, carried merely themselves and perhaps the relics of what was once a frying pan.

Of these people, some, when I left Sydney, had already returned, sick in despair; some had perished in the mountains; some had found and lost more gold in a week that, under ordinary circumstances, they would have earned in a twelve month. Ships chartered to Panama and San Francisco, were left without passengers; many persons forfeited the deposit which they had paid on their fare. Provisions throughout the whole country were rising to famine prices.

Lack of Labour

It was computed that ten thousand persons were on their way to, or had arrived at, Bathurst. Bakers were issuing advertisements and informing their customers that bread could no longer be delivered at their houses, nor credit given, as every "hand" had left for the "diggings" and it was impossible any longer to keep book accounts. Masters were advertising run-away apprentices; captains for deserters from their ships. Houses in course of erection were stopped for want of masons; contracts for public works were considered virtually at an end. Seamen, generally so helpless on shore, were at a high premium, demanding sixty and seventy pounds sterling as wages for the trip to London. One gentleman informed me that his coachman, an ancient asthmatic subject, had given warning and intended to "try his hand," an experiment which would probably cost him his life. My friend added, "I suppose that I must drive my carriage and clean my boots myself.

Parties of men proceeding to the scene of excitement, or returning with their spoils, were robbed by larger parties of well-armed bandits; the last relics, it is to be hoped, of the convict race. The authorities of government were on the alert anticipating by sagacious policy, the evils which must otherwise

be encountered by force. It was intended to charge a higher price for licences to search for the precious metals, which are the property of the Queen, and to expand the public income thus acquired in establishing an efficient patrol along the entire line of road from Sydney to the goldfield.

Bonds on the Treasury, payable at Sydney, were to be given for the fortunate adventurers in exchange for their gold-dust, or for those remarkable lumps of pure metal, which some had found; and these were to be sent from time to time to the capital, under a strong escort of military. One of these lumps I saw. The discovery it deserves a record.

Scoffer Convinced

A gentleman, of undoubted probity and honour, went to the scene of operations of behalf of a large brewing establishment at Sydney. Being more confident of the decoction of malt as a source of wealth, that the washing of mud and sands, he was incredulous about the extant and opulence of the "diggings"; and began to banter a party at work. They invited him to make an effort for himself. He playfully did so; and tethering his horse, took a pickaxe and turned over some of the most likely soil. In a short time he dug out a solid lump of pure gold, worth from twenty to thirty pounds, which he showed me. It was plainly not an ingot from California. Charles the Fifth was presented with a crown made from the gold dust found in the Darro at Grenada; why should not Queen Victoria wear a new imperial diadem, manufactured out of the produce of her mines of New South Wales?

Vast Immigration

The moral and commercial effects of the discovery have yet to be seen. It will turn back the tide of immigration to Western America. The goldfield of Australia is larger than that of California; the line of streams is longer; water for washing the

ore will be more scarce; but as a compensation for the digger, the auriferous detritus is said to be more productive. We shall probably live to see a vast immigration of settlers to Sydney, from Great Britain and her colonies, from the United States of America, from the Mother Country, and from continental Europe. With this immigration the more reflective inhabitants of the colony dread the importation of yankeeism and lynch law; though they rejoice to accept as a set-off, the moral certainty that the vexed question of convictism is forever decided. The value of landed property will be augmented and that of incomes depreciated.

Rise in Prices

High prices for some time to come will obtain for all manufactured goods, all articles of food; and then in regard to the former there will be a reaction and a fall. But if the general opinion on the subject be not strangely falsified, and if the mines turn out ordinarily productive, grain, fruits and vegetables, especially potatoes, will maintain their full price in the market. In saying this, I record not my own unsupported opinion; at the time I left Sydney the Messrs Macarthur of Camden, who represent a family long celebrated in the country, were preparing to cultivate wheat as extensively as the labour at their disposal would justify.

And herein I prognosticate for the inhabitants of our Canterbury Plains for several years to come an unfailing well-spring of wealth and competence, if only the “auri sacra fames” does not beguile our peasantry from the legitimate and agricultural [?] occupation for which they were transplanted by our landowners from the Mother Country.

Permanent Prosperity

If only they stand by their families and their masters, our settlement will thrive like a garden, and the imaginative dreams

of its founders will be fulfilled. What the discovery of copper ore once was to South Australia at a critical period of its existence, the discovery of gold in New South Wales may be to us, before that crisis comes, anticipating and preventing it, and furnishing at once the pledge of that permanent prosperity which by promoting the influx of capital and population goes so far to fulfil itself! I say, if our peasantry are true to themselves and their employers, for if in an evil hour, they become bitten by the mania for golf-finding, our growing colony will receive a check, from which it will require half a century to recover.

A Speculation

If any such there be, to them I would lift the voice of solemn warning. The experience of California demonstrates that the search after gold is a speculation involving hard and bitter toil, want, weariness and exposure, that to the many it is disappointment; to the few only it secures a prize. The scenes in which the coveted ore is discovered are far removed from the appliances of civilisation, all the institutions of education and religion. The searcher must be content to give up the pleasures of home; to labour during all weathers and seasons amidst mud. It is not the attribute of any country, the population of which depends for its advancement upon the mere possession of the precious metals, to become or to continue rich and prosperous. The streams of Mexican and Peruvian wealth gradually filtrated from Spain to England and the Netherlands, and left the former country improvised indeed. It is the countries that furnish the gold-finder with his implements, his clothing, his food, his conveniences and ornaments, and charged for these prices proportionate to his helplessness and his riches; it is these countries in which native industry is stimulated, and varied resources are developed by the stimulus, that in the long run possess themselves of the practical benefits, which spring from the gold-finders efforts.

False Prophets

The barren possession of an ingot confers no advantages apart from the industry and skill of those who are content to exchange their commodities for that ingot; and with their country and city be it where it may, whether London or Amsterdam, Antwerp or New York, England or Holland or the "Empire State," rests the final advantage which that ingot confers, because there is the scene of manufacturing and agricultural production, and there, above all, the regular and orderly habit of producing. Some few persons with whom I conversed in Sydney spoke as they wished; and in the first excitement of the gold discovery, confidently predicted the absolute annihilation of the New Zealand colonies. They told me that just as the sea of Thetford was transferred to Norwich, and that of Selsey to Chichester, to mine would soon be changed from Lyttelton to Bathurst or the Wellington Plains. Others more considerate and reflective, regarded the discovery of as opening a brilliant prospect before our settlements, if only we faithfully minded our proper work, and kept in view the incontroertive maxim, that not he who picks up gold is eventually enriched by it but he who makes the needs without which the gold-finder must die.

Among the healthiest features of that quiet and progressive prosperity which the settlements of New Zealand are beginning to enjoy, is the coasting trade. To this will now be added a more regular and certain communication with Sydney than hitherto possessed. The vessels that carry our agricultural products to the great emporium of the Southern Seas will bring back, at more frequent intervals, the conveniences and luxuries of life, and above all letters, newspapers, and periodical literature. And steam ships will be the practical result of this regular intercourse. Merchants and traders passing so much more frequently to and fro will not be content with the doubtful speed and poor accommodations of a small sailing vessel. Thus the discovery of gold in the Australian Cordillera will bring

England nearer to us by forty days. We shall enjoy our Blackwood, our Quarterly and our Edinburgh, our "Times" and "Chronicle" the more, because they will arrive at more frequent periodical intervals. Their serial character will be maintained. We shall read them one by one, instead of receiving them in large and rare batches. All these circumstances, and they are only specimens of a progress of which every department of civilised life will partake, will infinitely lessen the privations, the sense of distance and isolation and separateness, which at present characterise a colony; and which, while they gradually diminish the colonist's largeness of political understanding, dwarf every other operation of his intellect, encourage littleness, and selfishness of every kind, degrade the Press into a mere vehicle for local antagonism and personal spite, and prepare the minds of the second generation of colonists for that total indifference to imperial interests, which at the first pressure of real or imaginary wrong, turns into a sour hatred of the mother country and her claims.

Banks Peninsula

To return to Lyttelton, I was not content, during my stay in the settlement, with exploring parts of the rich plains to which I have averted. I was anxious to see something at least of Banks Peninsula. This is what North Wales would be to the Vale of Trent, if it stood upon the verge of that garden of England. Crossing the harbour in a sailing boat, we arrived at the small, picturesque bay, [now Purau Bay] full of fish, which leads to Mr Rhoades's farm and stock-yard. We landed in its innermost recesses. Gradually we found our way up the mountain side, till we came to a beautiful spot and sheltered between two spurs of the range.

Here is situated Mr Rhoades's house, garden and farmyard. The whole had the appearance of incompleteness and roughness, as having been recently won from waste, and at the same time, of rude plenty. A little damsel who saw us, escaped

at our approach, frightened, like the bairns of Charlieshope, in Sir Walter Scott's story of Guy Mannering, at the appearance of a party of strangers. I could not help expecting to hear every minute the barking of Pepper and Mustard.

A Beautiful Site

Behind the house rises a bold belt of forest trees, covering perhaps, fifty acres, sloping gently down to the hedge of a garden, which looked green and cultivated, and contained many flourishing fruit trees. I observed also a small crop of Indian corn. A bubbling stream of Alpine clearness flowed through the domain. The place wanted nothing but a few picturesque cottages, a water-mill, and a church to vie with many of the show villages which arrest the tourist on the Rhine and the Moselle. There are scores of sites equally beautiful, in the Peninsula. We stopped at the house to inquire our way to Port Albert [Port Levy] where we intended to pass the night. Mr Rhodes [as spelt] was absent from home, but one of his labourers, with the usual kindness of the New Zealand peasantry, offered to show us the road, at the same time gently rebuking us for attempting to climb over the mountains so late in the afternoon.

But the weather was so delightful, the charms of he scenery so exhilarating, that we determined to press on. Before leaving us at the end of his master's farm, he pointed out the direction in which we were to climb. "At the distance of about a mile," said he, "you will arrive at a large tree, now just visible on the brow of the mountain. But before you can clamber so high, a damp mist will encircle the cliffs, like a grey shroud, and all things will be concealed. If in consequence you should lose your way, shout as long and loudly as you can, and we will come and find you."

A Stiff Climb

So saying, he departed, and we began a steep, continuous ascent. Sometimes we paused to gaze upon the twisted course of the shores, the wooded hills and desolate crags behind up; sometimes we stopped from sheer fatigue, looking wistfully at the tree at the summit of the pass at every step the vegetation grew more scanty, the rocks more abrupt and perilous. All traces of a pathway had long disappeared. It was as our guide had said. We had scarcely reached the wished-for landmark, when a mighty mist came rolling over the mountains, white, cold and humid. We could scarcely see each other at the distance of a few paces. We lost our bearings, got confused and grew anxious, when one of our party thought he could trace among the broken rocks, winding in and out, a native pathway. We followed it at a brisk pace and found it lead down the mountain side, skirting the edge of the primeval forest, into which we should not have dared to enter. And soon in a moment, touched by the wand of an unseen magician, up rose the curtain of mist and unfolded a wide and magnificent view. Port Albert with its coves and inlets, as blue and placid as the heavens, whose hue they reflected; mountains, some shining beneath the setting sun, like pyramids of fire, some pale and grey, where he had ceased to shine; woodland slopes and open valleys, were above, around and beneath us. And what were almost as charming after our long and laborious walk, the tents of Mr Cholmondeley on the sea shore in the distance, and the cheerful smoke of a huge fire which looked as if it had just been replenished by the cook.

The Descent

Down went my companion with a briskness and merriment proportioned in his late anxiety, jumping from crag to crag, taking long leaps, supported by a pole which he had picked up on his way, or hanging to some pendant branch of the native

vine, which is as strong and as flexible as a rope. Down he went, jumping over brooks and soft places, myself following, and our servant with a knapsack, bringing up the rear. So at last we arrived at Mr Cholmondeley's tents. Once within the precincts of his encampment, I felt myself as secure, and amidst refinement as true as if I had visited him in his rooms at Oriel.

Under the Stars

Mr Cholmondeley gave us a warm and kindly welcome, and desired his servant to replenish the fire. Evening had set in; the short twilight disappeared; the wind blew fresh and cold. For me the warmest corner was selected. A black iron pot was filled with potatoes, onions and beef, and a few wild pigeons, the spoil of his gun. Tea and coffee were soon made, to be drunk without milk, out of tin cans, the usual crockery of the bushman. A reading chair which looked as if it had come from Herbert's or Mallam's in Oxford, was placed for me, and a large cask rolled to windward, that I might be protected from the blast. And there we sat, under the canopy of the star-light sky, with the Southern Cross just overhead, and conversed upon the French Revolution, the prospects of Germany, the question of Papal aggression, and the missions of the Church in the Islands of the Southern Seas. Mr Cholmondeley's servant sat apart peeling onions, and warming himself at the fire. Suddenly, in reference to some remark, he informed us that Smolensk was his native town, and that its blackened walls still testified to the boundless ambition of French revolutionary politics. Unfortunately our friend had no candles, so that we were without light, except the lurid glare that fitfully darted from the embers of our fire. It was impossible to read a chapter at our evening prayer; so we knelt upon the carpet of primitive sward, and by an easy effort of memory, I repeated several collects of the Prayer Book, not without a recollection of what Bishop Bull had done under far different circumstances.

To the Port

And then we retired to rest; I in a tent furnished with as much simple care and delicacy, as if I had been the guest of a duke. Such is an example of our bush life, and such is the specimen of a true Canterbury colonist. On the morrow, after breakfast, we set out with the intention of visiting Pigeon Bay, the residence of a worthy Scottish lady, Mrs Sinclair, and of proceeding from thence by a mountain pathway to Akaroa, the headquarters of an abortive attempt at colonising made, some years ago, by the French merchants of Nantes and Bordeaux. We had walked three or four miles, when he observed a large three-masted vessel, standing in towards the harbour of Lyttelton. Not knowing what news it might bring, or what stay it might make, I was obliged to turn back, and having procured a whale boat and a party of rowers at a whaling station which we had passed on our route, I made the best of my way, by sea, to the port.

On another occasion, I walked to the end of the finished part of the road to the plains, and then clambered over the remaining portion, which is marked out on the sides of the cliff. Crossing the summit of the pass, we found ourselves in the large valley, the frontage of which, towards the sea, forms the estate of Mr Felix Wakefield, and is called Sumner Flat. When the road is completed, it will skirt the whole of this valley, and will render it a valuable property. The soil appears to be a rich alluvium. The portion behind Mr Wakefield's section has been chosen by another land purchaser.

I should not wonder if this spot becomes hereafter the Ramsgate or Scarborough of our little capital. The rocks in the neighbourhood assume forms of every variety of the picturesque, and the extensive sands seem just made for the evening promenade of a watering place.

Who will establish the first hotel and bathing machines? The first ready furnished lodging for invalids, anxious to inhale the healthful breezes of the Pacific? I could not help imagining

that I beheld the future children of Canterbury, digging with their wooden spades in the sand, and groups of idlers, in search after enjoyment, roaming among the cliffs and bays. The most timid bather will find the shallows, along with the shelving beach; and there are fantastic and perforated rocks behind and beneath which the most sensitive and retiring need fear no intrusion. Shells abound, to amuse the amateur in conchology; and the geologist, who takes pains, will be probably rewarded by the discovery of some bones of the gigantic Dinornis or Moa. Some persons suppose that ships will anchor in the offing, just as they stop at the harbourless colony of New Plymouth and discharge their cargoes; but this I should think, would be a hazardous experiment. In summer, the water of the ocean becomes so warm as to be almost equal to an artificial tepid bath; when lashed into a storm, the surf is magnificent.

Ecclesiastical Matters

I have said now perhaps enough to illustrate the climate, the scenery and the productive capabilities of our Settlement; and it is time that I should refer to the ecclesiastical and educational arrangements, which were completed during my stay. I had not been on shore, after my first arrival, many hours, before I heard that the Bishop of New Zealand, with his usual energy and promptitude, had preceded me, had visited the colony, had made himself personally acquainted with the clergy, had preached at Lyttelton both to native and European congregations; had administered the Holy Communion and had given notice of a confirmation.

He was at the time absent on a tour of visitation to the Chatham Islands; but might be daily expected. He soon arrived, in his little schooner, the *Undine*, overflowing with practical wisdom and affectionate sympathy, rich in Devine unction, a real Apostle of the Gentiles. Long and frequent were the conferences which we held together, and in which I am sure I

found him all and more than I had heard him said to be, a kind wise and true-hearted friend. Nor must I forget the aid which we received from Mr Godley in these consultations, as representing the financial and economical interests of the Canterbury Association.

We met again at the house of Mr Eyre several weeks afterwards at Wellington, and completed some plans which required the co-operation of others. The general result I will now endeavour to embody.

Division of Diocese

The first question discussed was that relative to the division of the present diocese of New Zealand, and the mode in which the resignation of the Bishop of a part of it, should be made. It was thought desirable, after some discussion, that the islands should be divided into three dioceses equating to the three provinces of the colony. The seat of the northern diocese was to be at Auckland; of the central, Porirua, near Wellington, where a college is now in the course of erection on a large estate, conveyed to the Bishop of New Zealand for ecclesiastical purposes, and of the southern, Lyttelton or Christchurch. There were many reasons why the scheme should be adopted. In the first place it is in accordance with ancient and universal precedent; the dioceses of the early church answered to the political rather than the physical divisions of a country.

Again, the settlement of Wellington and Nelson are united by historical connection and by their contacts to Cook Strait, in which the prevailing winds admit of an easy and regular communication between them. Had Nelson been the diocese of Lyttelton, it could only have been visited by the Bishop after a voyage, possibly of a week’s duration. From Porirua a vessel would probably reach it in a few hours.

"A Romish Bishop"

Again, an intrusive Romish Bishop has lately arrived at Wellington, and began the erection of a church and college, to represent Italian theology and ethics, and it was desirable that a speedy and active movement should be made to anticipate his efforts among the ignorant and superstitious. The Bishop of New Zealand and myself had a long interview with Sir George Grey, relative to this and other church questions. With the greatest readiness he entered into the plan proposed, and wrote a dispatch to that effect to the authorities at Rome.

I was determined that for the present the Bishop of New Zealand should administer both northern and central dioceses, until arrangements could be made for the endowment of the new Bishop.

I beg here to record my strong sense of obligation to his Excellency the Governor for the aid which he afforded me in the adjustment of this anxious question, and for his personal kindness. Shortly before I sailed from Sydney I received the formal resignation by the Bishop of the part of his diocese, hereafter to form that part of Lyttelton, in an instrument under his hand and seal. He would have given it to me at Wellington; but there is not any notary public resident there who could duly witness it, and he wished to consult the Chief Justice of New Zealand, who lives in Auckland, as the highest legal authority, about the terms in which it should be expressed.

Appointments Made

In a similar spirit of co-operation, Mr Godley being present with us and helping us with his able and suggestive advice, it was determined that for the present the Rev W. B. Dudley should be licensed to the parish of Lyttelton, the Rev G. T. B. Kingdon to that of Christchurch, and the Rev E. Puckle to that of Sumner and any outlying hamlets which might spring up on the Plains.

The management of the College and Grammar School, with the classical department of both institutions, was assigned to the Rev H. Jaccobs. He was requested to take charge of the Maori population, they having become warmly attached to him, and he having made most praiseworthy progress in the study of the language; and to visit as often as he could the settlement at Akaroa, until a resident clergyman and schoolmaster could be appointed. The mathematical department of the College and Grammar School was given to C. A. Calvert, Esq., M.A., my secretary, a gentleman whose teaching powers I had had frequent opportunities of testing on board our vessel, during voyage from London to Lyttelton. These appointments, with others which I shall hereafter mention, had been submitted to your Lordship, as chairman of the Canterbury Association, before I left England, and I had received a letter from you, expressing your cordial approval of them.

Collegiate Funds

It was decided for the present to conduct the Collegiate education of the colony in Lyttelton, until the experience of a winter should enable us to select an eligible site for the college buildings upon the estate purchased by the funds of the association. This estate, together with land bought with funds raised by my own personal efforts, was conveyed in trust to the Bishop of New Zealand, according to the plan invariably adopted in the diocese; that they might secured to the church, as far as human wisdom could provide. In this trusteeship of the Bishop of the Diocese, Mr Godley readily acquiesced. In fact, I had raised the moneys which had purchased the lands, on the express understanding and guarantee to the contributors that they were to be so conveyed.

The collegiate system was to be divided into three branches. The first included three or four young men, the rudiments of the higher department; the second was the grammar school; and the third a preparatory school, under the care of Mr William

Holmes; the writing and junior drawing master of the Grammar School. This last was formed to meet a want which was strongly felt in the colony. Altogether we mustered, at the time that I left, about twenty pupils. When it is remembered that at Wellington there is not to the present day so complete an example even as this infant institution of higher public education, I trust that your Lordship will recognise an additional proof of the economical soundness of the art of colonisation upon which our settlement has been founded.

Our College still wants, it is true, additional endowments - a warden of high attainments added to mature experience - statutes - and a charter giving them authority; but these will soon come, if we are true to ourselves, and the fundamental idea of the Canterbury Association. I have appended to this communication an account of the endowments at present more or less available; and some of the prizes which I have offered, to be given at the opening of the college buildings on my return, should worthy competitors have been found for them. The future arrangements to be made on this subject will require the most careful and anxious consideration.

I trust that no indiscreet empiricism will be allowed, in pursuit of objects totally independent of the true interests of education, to tamper with this most important institution, and to prepare the way for its alienation from the Church, and its consequent destruction. Above all, its affairs must be conducted in the colony.

Elementary Schools

Several elementary schools were already begun when I left, or were just on the eve of commencement; vis:

1. The elementary commercial school at Lyttelton, numbering about fifty pupils for boys and girls under Mr Toomath, a master trained at Battersea College.
2. The infant school at Lyttelton containing about thirty pupils.
3. The commercial school at Christchurch for boys and girls

under Mr Wadsworth and Mr Bilson both trained at Battersea, the latter being also the organist of the church.
4. The infant school at Christchurch now building.
5. The school at Sumner, projected.
6. The school at Gebbie's Station, just in the course of formation under the generous patronage of the owner.

I confess that I shall be bitterly disappointed if the Canterbury Settlement is not distinguished, among all colonies, for the number of children, in proportion to the whole population, enjoying the benefits of a system of public instruction, imparted without stint and parsimony to all. It is only by this means, by the blessing of God, that we shall be able to resist that blighting slavery to mammon and materialism of every kind, which as it requires no deep philosophy to see, is the curse and peril of young and active communities.

Religious Services

The religious services of the colony at present are: - At Lyttelton, the Daily Prayers of the Church every day, both morning and evening; a weekly administration of the Holy Communion, alternatively at eight in the morning and after midday service; a lecture on Wednesday evening; three full services on the Lord's day, a public catechising of the children being substituted for a sermon in the afternoon. One full service every Sunday at Sumner, to be increased shortly to two. Two full services at Christchurch on Sunday, to be increased shortly to the same number as at Lyttelton. Two services every Sunday were about to be commenced at Akaroa. It was also determined to have the offertory sentences read, and a collection made weekly in all the churches of the Diocese. In order that there might be perfect uniformity in the services of the Church throughout the settlement, the Bishop of New Zealand, when he was with us, met the clergy several times, and I continued the practice after his departure; and we freely discussed together all the points concerning which there might be a difference of

opinion, coming at last to a unanimous decision on all.

These meetings, which I trust to renew on my return, were felt, I believe, not to be mere opportunities of friendly conversation or even affectionate communion, but means of grace. We commenced them by reciting together the Nicene Greed, and by reading the collects for Good Friday, and some others. Then followed our discussion and the completion of any arrangements deemed desirable for furthering the solemn work to which we are pledged; and the business was concluded with the prayer for the Church Militant.

A record was kept of the proceedings by Mr Jacobs, who acted as secretary to his brethren. My God in His mercy grant that we may continue as we have begun, not by biting and devouring one another, least we should be consumed one of another, but keeping the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace, of one heart and one soul, striving together for the faith of the gospel, that the name of the Redeemer may be glorified and His blessed Kingdom greatly enlarged.

"Frightful Savages"

I have already referred to the native, or as in New Zealand it is generally termed, the Maori population. Considerable apprehensions are, I know, still entertained in England concerning them. They are regarded as frightful savages, whose passions are under no restraint, whose feet are swift to shed blood, and whom no refined or Christian person could encounter without disgust mingled with dread.

Allow me to state most strongly that such fears are totally groundless. I know not what may be their character in the Northern Island, where they are numerous, and in many cases wealthy, and retain, with inflexible constancy, the traditions of the warlike prowess of their forefathers; embodied in stirring ballads, which remind the reader of the choruses of Aeschylus and the odes of Pindar.

Sir George Grey has collected several of these poems. It is most curious to observe the various readings by which they are diversified, according to the strength of memory or the imaginative invention of the reciter; the way in which one old traditional ballad is interwoven with another, and the adaptation of words expressed in one to different times, persons and places celebrated in another.

Our Maoris, on the contrary, are, comparatively speaking, a mere handful of men, belonging to a different tribe - I had almost said to a different race, from their Northern brethren. They are nearly all members of the Church of England, or anxious to be admitted, by the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, into Her Communion. The French priests at Akaroa have made little or no impression on them.

They are all rudely, but sufficiently clad. They are content to live by honest labour. Happily, the mysterious causes which have led to their rapid decline in numbers have been partially arrested.

The Bishop of New Zealand baptised recently at Akaroa fifteen or sixteen infants, whom their parents, carefully keeping them from Romish priests, had reserved for his visit. I trust that the establishment of our settlement will be a means in the Hand of God, of retarding, rather than accelerating that extinction of the native races which seems, as by the action of an inscrutable law, to follow the footsteps of British colonisation.

By persuading them, as we trust, to adopt, not partially, for then they perish, but entirely, European clothing, food and habits, we hope to preserve them among us. The Bishop of New Zealand wrote to them a letter, during his second visit, in which he implored them, as their Father and Friend (and both he has most truly been to them) to break up their scattered cantonments and to unite in residing in one spot, the large native reserve at Kaiapoi.

Like the Greeks

The establishment of British authority and the security which it has afforded them of life and property, has gradually led them to wander away from the fortified pahs or strongholds, in which they formally were banded together, for mutual defence against piratical and predatory incursions, and to live like the early Greeks, after the time of Minos, "Katx Kwuas," in open villages, thus destroying among them the spirit of union and co-operation, without which the savage man droops and sickens. We wish to destroy them by recombining them. An interesting parallel might be drawn between the state of primitive Greece as described by Thucydides, and that of the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand.

We have our age of heroes; our benders of pines, our men who would not carry to their fathers a bloodless weapon; our pirate and predatory chieftains, etc, etc. The patriarchal age also is continued in the country; the chieftain is priest as well as monarch. Nor would a careful observer neglect the analogy between many points of the feudal system, and the traditional institutions of the Maories. Some future Robertson may devote a few preliminary chapters of an historical essay to the working out of this idea. In short, the New Zealanders are probably Malay by descent; and Malays are thoroughly Oriental; and whatever is Oriental is old and permanent. I had almost said universal, whether traced in the practices of the Celts in the West, or stereotyped among the Chinese and the South Sea Islanders.

Kaiapoi Catechist

But on the se seductive points I must not enlarge. I have appointed a young man of real missionary spirit, one of my former students at Battersea, whom I could not dissuade from accompanying me to Lyttelton, to be the resident catechist at Kaiapoi. He is a good carpenter, and has habits of discipline and

government. It is our intention that he should teach the natives as the true beginning of all social progress - the way of salvation, the knowledge of the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and then, subordinately to his instruction, the arts of civilised life, such as building houses, making chairs and tables, the use of crockery ware, etc, etc.

Several of them assured me that if I would only give them a resident "Mihanere," they would help to support him and would erect him a residence and church.

Among many simple traits of character which interested and amused me, in my interviews with them, I shall select only one. They were wonderfully delighted with the bell, which summons the children to school and the congregations to church at Lyttelton. They pulled the rope for themselves; they went under it to examine the clapper. They gazed at it again and again, and their great desire was to have a bell in their own church. Could I refuse them? I promised to bring one back with me from England.

They were very shrewd and observant, and hard in driving a bargain. They are said to be ungrateful and forgetful of personal kindness, and public sacrifices made in their behalf, but in this are they singular? It is a long step from the life of an undisciplined cannibal to that of a refined Christian family, the members of which have been restrained and rebuked with untiring patience and love, from the earliest dawn of their reasoning and active powers. I should be doing injustice to myself if I did not add that I believe their progress and our comfort in residing among them to have been mainly due, under the divine blessing, to the labours of my apostolical Brother and Friend, the Bishop of New Zealand and the clergy sent out by the Church Missionary Society.

Superior New Zealanders

Though in some respects less civilised than cognate inhabitants of some of the South Sea Islands, the Maories, even before the

introduction of Christianity and the European arts and habits, were far in advance of the aborigines of New Holland, both intellectually and physically. The head of the New Hollander is shaped like a coker-nut; the brow of many a New Zealander is as lofty as that of a Caucasian. The same superiority is apparent in those who have received some cultivation. The native New Hollander is a simple nomad; his only notion of a house is that of a few branches of trees, so piled as to sustain two or three sheets of bark, to cover his head, from the winter rain; his body being left exposed. Of manufactures and cookery he knows nothing.

The New Zealander is an architect of some constructive power and some taste. The main door of his residence exhibits the same lines as are to be found, developed and enlarged, in the great portico at Edfou and the front of the Memnonium, the windows of the church of S. Pancras and the British Museum. He twines the reeds which line his habitation as neatly as a London basket maker.

The weaving of the woman produces a fabric admirably suited to his mode of life; and had he adhered to it instead of preferring a Witney or Yorkshire blanket, of bright dye and close texture, one great cause of his extinction would never have developed. The open texture of his linen mat, whether surrounding him in infancy as he was carried on the back of his mother, on covering him when he arrived at manhood, was far better fitted to harden, while it sheltered his body, than a huge woollen blanket, which heats and excites his skin, suffuses him with perspiration, and leaves him prey to every kind of pulmonary complaint.

Sails for Wellington

I have now made the enquiries, and completed, as far as practicable, the arrangements for which I undertook my long voyage. Mr Godley concurring in the opinion that it was undesirable to erect any expensive buildings for ecclesiastical

purposes, until the colony could be a little more advanced; the qualities of local materials, whether wood or stone, tested and the price of skilled labour reduced, by the completion of the house of the first body of colonists; all that I could hope to do had been affected. I took passages for myself and family to Wellington in the brigantine *William Alfred*, a vessel belonging to that port.

We went on board on Saturday, April -, [more likely, late March] accompanied to the quay a party of kind friends; but the wind suddenly becoming contrary, we were detained in the harbour all night, and so on the morrow we landed again.

I preached at Lyttelton in the morning and administered the Holy Communion; publicly catechized the children of the schools in the afternoon, and I baptised the child of Mr Alport, one of our earliest settlers, and preached in the evening.

Having taken tea with Mr and Mrs Puckle, at their little residence in the Emigration Barracks, and commended them and their family to the good Providence of God, we went on board late in the evening. A favourable breeze sprang up during the night. About four in the morning we were awakened by the hearty shouts of the seamen, heaving up the anchor, and before I had finished dressing, the little vessel was gallantly dashing the spray from her bows, and proceeding at a quick pace through those two pillars of Hercules, Adderley and Godley Heads.

A Week in Crossing

The bold coast of Banks Peninsular by degrees grew dim in the distance. The mighty mountains which form a gigantic barrier, separating our settlement from the Northern part of the Island, soon opened on the view, and we were destined to behold them far and near, by night and by day under many varieties of outline and aspect, for what with doubtful squalls, calms and strong breezes directly in the teeth of our course, we were nearly a week in reaching Port Nicholson.

This central harbour of our adopted country is a magnificent sheet of water, locked on al sides by the land. It is said (for we did not find it so) to be the windiest place in the world; the very home of Æolus, who has no cave in which to imprison his "libs, notus, and auster." Wellington occupies a long strip of land on the very edge of the innermost basin of the port, and two plains, or flats, as they are called, extending a little inwards. Few places with which I am acquainted make a greater show for its size. I struck me, though I do not know how far the observation is geologically correct, that the contour and the outline of the valleys, broken ground, and rocks, on which the pretty town stands, were singularly like those of Lisbon and the mouth of the Tagus.

During our tedious voyage I was much pleased in examining the vessel that carried us as a specimen of colonial shipbuilding and navigation. It was neatly and strongly constructed, it required no pumping; it gallantly mounted over the long rollers of the Pacific; it was managed with much propriety and order. The captain was a Yorkshireman; of devout habits; a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. He was most courteous and attentive to all our wants. I proposed that we should all assemble on deck, with the steerage passengers, every evening for family prayers. He readily assented, and lead the responses.

On arrival at Wellington I ventured to send a card to the Rev R. Cole, the resident clergyman and rural dean. My message had not left the ship many minutes when he came on board and most kindly offered to conduct us to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr Hunter, a merchant of Wellington, and an attached member of the Church of England. Fearful of trespassing too long on the hospitality of our friends, we removed the next day to Government House, where we resided during the remainder of our visit, the guests of Mr Eyre, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Munster. I should be very ungrateful if I did not bear willing testimony to the heartiness with which we were welcomed, and the generous,

unselfish interest manifested, by the Wellington settlers, in the progress of Canterbury.

The accounts we heard during our stay of the difficulties which attended the first settlers at Wellington and the preparations made for the landing of our colonists impressed us strongly with the progress which has been made in the art of colonisation. The founders of Wellington left England without knowing the precise spot on which the town was to stand. A vessel was to point out the site to them on their arrival in Cook's Straits. On reaching it they found it covered with heavy timber, growing, not as in Australia, with open, park-like intervals between each tree, but interlaced with tangled underwood, and reaching to the very edge of the shore.

When many had landed their goods and fixed their habitations, they discovered, to their dismay, that they were building on a swamp. They had to remove in crazy boats to another and more likely spot, where Wellington now stands, a task of difficulty and disappointment, in which some lost their property and some their lives.

Famine Feared

On one occasion it was feared that famine would be felt, and the disastrous story of the foundation of Sydney find a parallel. I know not exactly to what the necessity of a new survey of the town may be attributed; but on my walking through it I found the surveyors busily at work; deciding ten years after the foundation of the settlement, the limits of the sections and the lines of the streets. The lands of the neighbourhood had, in many cases, to be bought over and over again, of Native proprietors, through the land purchaser in England had deemed that when he paid his money his title was secure.

All their trials we are spared. We come to a country already settled; and furnished with supplies by the action of a regular commerce; while, by the foresight of the Canterbury Association, our territory has been accurately surveyed; and the

remotest vestige of Native title extinguished. No Naboth curses us because we have taken his vineyard. On the contrary, our Maori neighbours regard us as benefactors and friends.

Wellington Earthquakes

Much has been written concerning the earthquakes with which Wellington is visited; and I know that some English families have been deterred from joining our settlement from an impression that we may be involved in a similar calamity. Now not to urge that accounts of the trembelings and undulating motions of the ground at Wellington have not been much exaggerated, I could find on inquiry of Messrs Deans, that the convolutions have extended to our plains.

And even assuming that a vague tremulous motion has reached them, I know not why we should be afraid of settling the country, when the Belgian lives fearlessly on the alluvial plains of the Scheldt, which experienced many smart shocks in 1822, and when the mighty tide of English and Irish emigration flows to the vast valleys drained by the Mississippi, which were visited by violent concussions ten years before. As well might the heterogeneous emigration of Englishmen to Naples and Geneva be interrupted which, by the way, brings neither customers to our markets nor honour to the British Crown, because the ruined temple of Serapis at Puzzeoli has been submerged and has re-arisen from the waters, or because the Alpine valleys are rarely still for many years together.

If I recollect rightly, Calabria is as near to Naples and Lisbon to Gibraltar as we are to Wellington; and no comparison can for a moment be drawn between the undulations of the earth at perpendicular and the rotatory motion which at one time destroyed Catania, and at another levelled in five minutes the glories of the Portuguese capital. Within the last half century Brussels and Cork, Madrid and Malaga, Como and Milan have been included within the circle of some or other mysterious convulsion beneath the crust of the earth; yet, to say nothing of

these places and their inhabitants, who has thereby been deterred from living in Dublin or the populous cities of Lombardy, Flanders and the Spanish Peninsula?

Service at Te Aro Flat

On Sunday morning I preached at the church on Te Aro Flat, Mr Cole reading the morning prayers, omitting the Litany and Communion service. The division of service has been authorised by the Bishop of New Zealand, to enable Mr Cole to officiate four times every Sunday. This began at ten o'clock, so that we were in time to take part in a second service at the Church adjoining Government House, at which the Bishop of New Zealand preached.

After a hasty luncheon, Mr Cole and I rode on horseback to Porirua Road, a village about seven miles from Wellington, over a succession of richly wooded dells and mountain heights, which remind the spectator of the scenery of Dovedale, the Black Forrest. This village contains a little wooden church and school, built and supported by our friend, Mr Hawtrey, of Eton.

Mr Cole read prayers and I preached. We took tea at the house of a pious peasant settler, one of whose children had left Wellington and gone to settle at Canterbury. There was a tranquillity and comfort about this remote village, with its flower gardens and homesteads, like those which grace the rural scenes of England.

Riding rapidly back from Porirua Road, or Hawtrey, as it ought assuredly to be called, we arrived in time for the evening service at Te Aro Church, at which I preached again. Meanwhile, the Bishop of New Zealand had gone on a similar errand to the Valley of the Hutt. The congregation on all these occasions were very numerous. At the evening service, the church was inconveniently crowded and many persons went away, unable to obtain admittance.

Visits in the Province

During our stay in Wellington, we made several excursions to places in the neighbourhood, some account of which may be useful, as showing the progress that has been made in the colonisation of New Zealand. In fact, the larger interests of all the settlements are identical. If one member suffer, all the members feel the agony of the stroke; and if one member rejoice, all the other members ought to rejoice with it.

I accompanied Mr Eyre and the Bishop of New Zealand to the beautiful harbour of Porirua, and the site of the intended college, to which I have already alluded. Our ride was continued through the village where I had preached on the preceding Sunday; along the noble road, traversing a difficult, but on that very account, a most picturesque country.

At one time we were cantering along deep vales; at another we mounted to the tops of wild hills. Everywhere were signs of industry; meadows half cleared, and full of burning stumps, which, blazing in the night, gave the scene the appearance of Bilston and Wolverhampton; comfortable settlers' houses in the course of erection; carts laden with wood, for the winter supply of Wellington. One thing especially struck me, namely, that the price of fuel at Wellington, in the midst of forests, is only twenty percent less than our treeless plains.

On the road we meat a Maori, well clothed and on a good horse with a bridle and a saddle; his rank among his own people, I was informed, was that of a substantial farmer. His dress was entirely European; tolerably neat except that he had not any shoes and stockings. He adjusted his toe in the stirrup like a practised equestrian. He was proceeding to the town, but on observing us, he turned round and rode some way with us; not dashing along in front, but carefully reining in his steed, that he might be on a level with the rest of the party. At last he galloped on to let the natives know that their Bishop was approaching. We heard wild shouts echoing through the woods, fainter and fainter, and as we approached Porirua we found the

Native villages assembled on the wayside to greet their illustrious friend.

Sites Selected

Leaving our horses at the house of a settler, a large stock farmer, we walked to the estate of the Bishop and selected a noble site for the college, commanding views of exquisite beauty; wood and water, hill and dale, in varied combination. This estate formed a peninsular and consists of five hundred acres, so that there is not any fear that the youths under instruction can wander far out of bounds.

The site for the cemetery, the kitchen garden, the chapel, the warden's house having been decided on and explained to a young surveyor whom we found waiting for us, we strolled all round the neighbourhood. We passed the fortified barrack erected to overawe the Natives, at a time when Rauparaha was in arms against the British, and returned by circuitous route to the house of the hospitable farmer, who had prepared tea and a rich supply of fresh butter and new milk for us in our absence. I observed a cabinet piano-forte in the room where we took our meal.

I engaged to lend Mr Purrsglove, a Battersea man, one of our Lyttelton schoolmasters, to the Bishop, to assist in managing the Native carpenters, and wrote to him to hasten with all speed to Wellington. I hope that he received my communication and is by this time at his work. And then I shook hands with the great and good Bishop and felt as if I had lost a friend as I mounted my horse and set my face toward Wellington.

Our ride out and back was little short of forty miles. The Bishop was on his way to Otaki, the residence of Archdeacon Hadfield, whom I much regret not to have seen.

According to all accounts the success in Christianising and civilising the Natives of that neighbourhood has been

astonishing, and calls for devout thankfulness to Him, Who giveth all true increase.

On another occasion we made an excursion to the Valley of the Hutt. Just on the outskirts of Wellington we passed one of the two native churches in the town - a little, plain, wooden building, with narrow lancet windows and a steep roof, and then entered upon a good road, which follows the outline of the harbour, being in many places protected from the tide by a sea-wall of very creditable stone-work.

We were obliged to ride carefully along this winding and sometimes narrow road, to avoid meeting too suddenly carts, drays and indigenous omnibuses, shaped something like the covered vans which carry the labouring classes of London to Epping Forrest and Hampton Court, which were coming from the country to the town.

A mile or two from the town, which is gradually extending itself in this direction, we arrived at the native pah at Pitone; which among other ruder structures, contains a semi-native, semi-European house, recently built by a Maori chieftain. It bears much the same relation to Government House as a primitive Saxon's dwelling might be presumed to bear to a Roman villa or a Norman castle. Its shape is precisely that which as Vitruvius informed us was the type of Temple of Theseus and the Parthenon; a building of logs neatly framed like an oblong workbox, with a roof on it, containing a window, glassed at each end, and a door between two windows in front. The interior is said to be the very perfection of lattice-work. Are the geometrical ornaments of Saracenic architecture at Cairo (e.g., on the tombs of Memlook sultans) and the arabesques of the Moors in Spain derived from the twisting of reeds into a horizontal and perpendicular lines with intersecting diagonals?

A Stockaded Pah

So musing, I continued my ride till we came to the Pah of Epuni, a fine old Maori chieftain, well known as the consistent

friend of European colonisation, from the very early days of the settlement. This pah is strongly stockaded in the native fashion with some rudely sculptured heads on the tops of the logs stuck perpendicularly in the ground.

Entering by a winding lane, which might be effectually commanded by one or two musketeers within, and which I doubt not was designed by some native Vauban, who passed some strange-looking depots of potatoes and kumiras half excavated in the ground and half built above it, carefully protected from the rats, which are of the variety called Norway, or as perhaps Mr Waterton would say, Hanovarian, introduced by the European, and have superseded the native rat, which is scarcely larger than a mouse, just as they extirpated in England the aboriginal rat of our country.

From one of these stores a native woman was emerging. Her appearance was mean, and anything but attractive, in fact, among savage and half-civilised nations, woman forced from childhood to drudge is rarely interesting, and still more rarely beautiful.

A Proud Patriarch

We found the old patriarch of the pah seated at his house door in the heat of the day; his long, gaunt, muscular limbs half-clad in a native blanket. He wears on grand occasions the English costume, and comes with great dignity to pay his respects at Government House. I suppose that we surprised him on dishabille. He shows with pride a piece of plate, presented to him by some members of the New Zealand Company in grateful recognition of his attachment to the English.

After an interchange of compliments in which I managed to say in the native language “There are you,” and received a reply “There are you,” the ordinary salutation of Maories, we continued our ride along the road, and soon entered the depths of a half-cleared forest, apparently about two miles wide and skirted on each side by lofty hills covered with timber.

Ugly Buildings

Through the middle of the valley, which if a little narrower, might be called a gorge, flows the river Hutt, a stream varying much both in depth and breath. The road continued straight through the valley, and on each side now and then are shops, farm-houses, and inns. A little diverging from the road, we observe a neat wooden church, which has been recently enlarged. Mr Hutton, the clergyman of the district, resides in the neighbourhood.

The ecclesiastical structures of New Zealand appeared to me wanting in ecclesiastical property. They would probably gratify those of our English friends who imagine that their is a connection between Popery and architectural constructional beauty, and that Protestant places of Divine worship ought to be as ugly and unsuggestive as possible.

After crossing a wooden bridge, the mechanical ingenuity of which far surpasses its picturesqueness, though constructed on the same principal, I imagine, as many of the wooden bridges of Switzerland, which are so pleasing, we turned aside from this road and made our way through by-paths and sequestered glades that we might see and understand better both the nature of the country and the progress of civilisation. The clustering foliage admitting here and there a pale and softened radiance; the long streaming branches of the native vine, hanging sometimes perpendicularly and sometimes in festoons from the trees, to which it clung; the exquisite tree-fern of brilliant green, contrasted with the darker leafy depths behind it, and fit to shade the brow of a monarch; the melodious notes of the song-birds, all new and strange to English ears; the rippling of rivulets, tributary to the Hutt, filled me, I confess, with delight.

And the thought that one might recline in those retiring glades fearless of elf or adder, did not diminish the sense of satisfaction. I shall gaze with renewed zest upon the varieties of English woodland, after this roaming through a New Zealand forest and try to contrast and compare the respective beauties of each. In the grouping of foliage, in breadth and loftiness, the New Zealand forest is unrivalled; in variety of tint the softness of outline, our English woods prevail. In the former, nature revels more wildly and boldly; in the latter, she is restrained and set in order by art. Salvator Rosa might be presumed to delight most in New Zealand; Claude and Wilson in English scenery. Turner would find himself more at home in the former than Stanfield, and Constable than Calcott. But I must not indulge in these pleasant speculations.

We paused in our journey through the Hutt Valley to admire two or three houses, which would not discredit the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. Around them were paddocks, of a bright and refreshing greenness, and in one or two instances, entirely free from the stumps of trees. These in New Zealand perish by natural decay, much more quickly than the eucalypti of New South Wales.

"What strange, idle people you colonists are," said a lady who had recently arrived from England. "You leave everywhere stumps of trees in your meadows, numerous enough for the whole population to sit down upon!"

The properties are divided by strong wooden fences, called post and rail; and that we might not be compelled to alight and remove the rails in passing along with our horses, Mr Eyre requested a native whom we met to accompany us and act as our guide. He ran briskly at our side, and knew the precise rails in every field, which were left loose, as a kind of gate. We saw them carefully replaced, when we had passed through.

The timber was everywhere enormous. It would seem at first sight impassable and immovable to anyone but the

adventurous and persevering Saxon backwoodsman. Yet it is gradually disappearing. While standing on the hills which overlook Wellington, I have counted on a clear day as many as six large columns of smoke arising from the distant valley as though a manufacturing town were concealed by the forests, which reach almost to the verge of the harbour. The soil is enriched by the wood ashes, as well as by the leaves that fall from time to time.

This is not the case with most of the native trees of Australia. They perish from age to age without leaving depth of vegetable mould behind them. Their debris is like brick-dust in appearance, unmingled with scoria from some extinguished conflagration.

A Wise Forbearance

While proceeding on our ride, we were glad to observe that the settlers have had the discrimination to leave here and there the more beautiful trees, which seemed likely to outlive the destruction of their companions, thus relieving the scenery of that utilitarian bareness of which travellers in the United States of America complain. The same good taste prevails in most parts of New South Wales.

The public gardens and park adjoining Government House at Sydney derive their greatest change from the primitive trees, which have been left, some twining amidst the sand-stone rocks, some kissing the waters of the harbour with its many bays. The extensive grounds in the same neighbourhood surrounding the residence of Mr Macleary, the eminent entomologist, which are very enriched with every variety of tropical vegetation, a sort of Kew or Chatsworth in the open air, owe after all their grace to the numerous tall evergreens, which flourished long before Governor Phillip arrived with his felon hoard. Their gnarled stems and widespread branches lend a dignified antiquity to the novelties of architecture; and half-remove that oppressive sense of upstart newness, which,

passing by an easy action of the mind, from inanimate to living objects, is supposed to reverence and reserve, courtesy and gentleness, and as I am persuaded, has something to do with the coarse, levelling spirit, the everlasting distraction, that too often poisons colonial society.

I observed also in more retired parts of the same colony; for example, at Mulgoa, the beautiful estate of the Messrs Cox and Camden, the seat of Mr M'Arthur, at Wivenhoe, the Mr Charles Cowper's single trees and clumps left at appropriate distances in the clear lands, some fringing the banks of streamlets and some scattered among luxurious meadows. Economically, a field without a tree may perhaps be the more valuable possession; but in point of beauty, it is not to be compared with one, over which the varied lights and shadows of morning and evening fall. And perhaps the expense of removing every tree may be greater than the money value of the grass which will grow in its place.

Happy at Work

We passed several Maori houses around which men, woman and children were grouped in noisy and uproarious enjoyment. Some were at work in their clearings, planting or gathering the products of the soil. One man was thatching a stack, and several were making long canoes, quaintly sculptured and patterned in their fashion, out of single logs of wood selected and hewn from the patriarchal giants of the neighbouring forest. The stems and sterns would not have disgraced the Snekkars (serpent vessels) and the Drakers (dragon ships) of our Scandinavian forefathers; both may have sprung from the same great source of early art, India and the East, and perhaps the original antetype of both is to be found in the Baoulayas, or narrow, long boats of Indian waters, which have dragons carved on the bow, and snakes at the stern. I though of "stant littore pappes" as we passed several canoes drawn up in line together on the beach, and of the iron

heart of him, who first ventured out to sea in so frail and narrow a bark.

The Maoris, in several instances, have hired lands on clearing leases, of seven year's duration; a circumstance which speaks volumes for their industry and progress in civilisation, and surely, if they can afford to do this, we at Canterbury ought to think our land, with its concomitant advantages, cheap, for they are compelled to cut down scores and hundreds of mighty trees, the growth of a century, before they can reap a single crop.

To Government House

After riding eight or nine miles, and encountering two or three chiefs, whose prowess had been vindicated in bygone times, and who are respected like the old warriors of our own country, we reached an inn of considerable dimensions, where we procured a substantial luncheon. I question if any wayside inn in the three kingdoms, even in the palmy days of travel by chaise and coach, would have supplied, at short notice, a better meal.

We then rode back by the road without making any excursions into the bush, and arrived at Government House in time for a late dinner. It is due to the present Governor to state, that according to all accounts, that he is the road-maker in New Zealand.

Place-names

While describing this and other excursions made in the country, your Lordship may have observed, that I have been compelled to use indiscriminately Native and Anglo-Saxon names of places. I know that I contradict the direction of public opinion at Home when I say that I should be glad if at once the former were discarded, and the latter boldly and unanimously adopted. I do not want us to imitate the Anglo-Americans, who

breakfast at Utica, dine at Jerusalem, and sup at Wapping, but I am sure that we must give to places in our settlement English, thoroughly English names, because English people will live here, and English lips to enunciate them. However much we may desire to preserve it, the Native nomenclature does not suit English tongues. We adapt, or rather we caricature, those names.

Our own mellifluous Kaipoi is already better known as the forest of Cowboy; Haki-Kipui is Hoky-poky; Tiralga, in New South Wales, has naturally transmuted by convict lips into Trial-Gang; Walla-Mahla into Woolloomoolloo, as it may be seen broadly spelt not only on the tavern signs, but on the post office boards of Sydney. So let us preserve Mount Rickards and the rivers Hawke and Heathcote, and discard at once the Waimakaridi, and such like impossible words to Anglo-Saxon organs. Can we do otherwise when we know that at Home Chaussee has in spite of derivation, become Causeway, and contre-danse, country dance, not to mention a thousand other like words?

Addison and Southey are on my side, in writing this. The Spectator and the Doctor, if there be any consistency in them, would support the doctrine which I have ventured to lay down.

APPENDIX

Recollections of a Voyage to Lyttelton in 1850

Poor Food and Mutiny
Reminiscences of Son of First Bishop Designate

by
Admiral Sir Thomas Sturges Jackson.

[This was made available to *The Star* and was published by them on a date that has not been ascertained. The author was stated to have been eight and a half years old when he travelled on the *Castle Eden* with his parents and elder brother Blomfield. It was also stated that he was now living in retirement in England. This would place the writing date some time after about 1900.]

We started from Plymouth Sound in October 1850, on board the *Castle Eden*, a ship of about 900 tons register, owned by Soames. I remember the owner because the company flag hoisted at the main on grand occasions bore a big "S", which the blue-jackets called "S for starvation." As related by my father, we got into a westerly gale, and after knocking about for a couple of days anchored again in the Sound. Apparently we returned thanks at 'Big Jimmy' (the naval name for the Church of St James the Great, Plymouth), for a foul wind. I don't remember this, and really I should do so, for it was a remarkable cause for thanksgiving. What I do remember is that Hutchy (an old friend) took Blomfield and me dawn to Plymouth and bought us some fishing lines and hooks, and, while we were prowling around an urgent message came that we were to get on board at once as the ship was sailing immediately. Then we really departed. The *Castle Eden* was an

old-fashioned craft with a square stern in which were two ports. There were two stern cabins, one of which was occupied by the skipper and Mrs Thornhill, and the other was our sitting-room. My father and mother had the sleeping cabin next to the stern cabin and B. and I were in the next forward - all the starboard side. The cuddy table ran fore and aft with cabins on each side. There was a mixed lot on board as you may suppose. My father represented respectability, and a young sprig of nobility - Lord --- t'other thing. [Lord Frederick Montague] Ructions arose, and before very long we took all our meals in our stern cabin, and Mrs Thornhill joined us.

In the sailing ship days the ship provided a bare cabin, grub and wine. The passengers fitted up their cabins as they chose, and took with them all manner of delicacies to add to the ship's fare. We had many hampers from Fortnum and Mason, and also cases of bottled water (in case the ship's water became too rusty to drink.) Our special drinking water came, I believe, from Aldgate pump, the supply from which had a reputation for purity which disappeared when analysis was invented.

There were second-class passengers on board with whom I was on intimate terms, and a lot of emigrants. The doctor was in charge of these last and a nice time he had of it. When we got into settled fine weather (in the N.E. trades, I suppose it must have been) he wanted to get the women up on deck so as to clean and air their quarters. I remember seeing him come flying up the main hatchway pursued by a dozen of the women in all sorts of attire. He managed to reach the poop in safety, and then the strong arm of the law was invoked.

You people who have only travelled in steamers don't know what variety - as well as monotony - there was in a long sailing voyage. When becalmed we all fished. Of course, sharks were caught, and there was always plenty to interest a boy of nine with a taste for the sea.

The "S" ships were not too well manned and we had a bit of a mutiny on board. When the watch was mustered at eight o'clock in the evening a man was absent. He came aft and when

spoken to by the skipper, answered impertinently. (He was probably the worse for liquor, but I did not know the symptoms thereof then as well as I know them now.) The skipper gave him a push and told him to go aft, on which the man struck him. There was then a rough and tumble struggle on the poop till the man was put in irons aft by the wheel. This was intensely interesting if slightly terrifying, but I was then taken below. I believe the man came aft and demanded the release of the first man. Two of the ring-leaders were seized and put in irons. The skipper sent for my father and said it would be necessary for the safety of the ship to shoot the ring-leaders, whereupon the Bishop Designate talked to the evildoers and persuaded them to go about their work. In the middle of the affair appeared Lord --- with a drawn sword, prepared to run all and sundry through. He was promptly ordered to his cabin. They said he used to take liquor to the forecastle and booze with the men. Of course, all that happened after my disappearance from the upper deck is related by hearsay. But I do know what my friends forward said next day. They'd do anything for the Bishop, as they called him, but as for that --- Lord --- they'd wring his neck if he showed his nose forward again. I suppose he didn't visit the forecastle, which was a pity, as the noble family would have been saved much trouble on his behalf if the neck wringing had been carried out.

The men all struck work when we reached the Cape, and we were supplied with another crew, who had just come out of gaol. Our old crew took their quarters. One of them who had escaped to shore rashly went to church, and was there recognised by one of the passengers, who gave information to the police.

My recollections of the Cape are hazy. Those of fishing for albatrosses and cape pigeons are quite vivid. A large albatross was waddling about the poop when a mischievous passenger gave him a shove up against another who did not get out of his way. The bird took a piece of trousers and a corresponding piece of leg from the man. I can't remember the sufferer's

name, but fancy he was going out to be the chemist at Christchurch. (Ay! Mr Kent.)

When we had made the coast near Lyttelton we had to put to sea again, as it came on to blow and we were nearly caught on a lee shore.

I do not remember the actual landing at Lyttelton. Blomfield went with the father and mother to stay with the Lieut-Governor who lived in a neat little wooden house. I was left in a house near the beach with a gardener and his wife. This residence consisted of two or three rooms on one floor. The beds were bunks built against the wall and were very populous. Most of the houses in the town were merely V huts. Are such things now known in New Zealand? They are like a roof without any walls. The prison was of this description. The crew of the *Castle Eden* all struck work on arriving at Lyttelton and were sent to gaol. They were rather too many for such a place of confinement. There was nothing to prevent their shouldering their prison and walking off to the bush with it. I remember being told that they had an arrangement with the gaoler, by which nothing was said if they went on the spree during the night as long as they were all there in the morning. They were all friends of mine, and I used to greet them when they came down to our house to get water, as one of the few wells in the place was there.

I had a great Maori friend there who used to help me to make boats of bits of planks and sail them in the harbour, where they usually came to grief. My love was named Maggie Townsend. (I always have to have at least one.) She was a year or two older than I was, of course. Now I like them a good deal younger!

I remember Bishop Selwyn coming and preaching in Maori. One of the chiefs, named Solomon, was very anxious to borrow a black suit and white choker in which to receive the Bishop. I believe they persuaded him that his native costume was more suitable. The Bishop's yacht, which he navigated himself, was a small topsail schooner named the *Southern Cross*. The

inhabitants of Sydney gave him a larger yacht, which was presented when we were there in the following May - a brigantine named the *Border Maid*. I think her name was changed to *Southern Cross.*

The Maoris used to bring in potatoes etc for sale. One man, brought some vegetables to a lady who possessed a decent house, and asked a price which she considered too high. She told him that he had sold some the day before to my mother for much less. "Ah," said the man, "but look at your carpet and all those pretty things. The Bishop's wife (it was something or other whyheenee I think) has none of these and lives in a poor little house. Besides, she is our Bishop's wife."

While we were at Lyttelton there was a very heavy downpour of rain. The gullies were all flooded. The very slight wooden bridges which were placed across them were swept away. There was famine in the land - or at least in the little house near the beach. We were quite cut off. I fancy the worthy couple who shared the house with me kept me fed, though they themselves suffered, for I don't remember any acute pangs of hunger. But I heard afterwards that provisions had run very low.

You ask the story of my being lost in the bush. Well, there would have been no story at all if I hadn't been picked up and brought in. I'm positive that I should have reached Lyttelton all right without any help. Blomfield and I, with four or five other boys started one afternoon to walk to Christchurch. We went up the bridle path and made our way across the plain. There was a great deal of flax in places. There was at least one fire blazing, which sent a lot of smoke across the plain. When we had gone two or three miles, Blomfield ordered me back, and told me I never ought to have come as I was far too young for such a walk. Insulting - very! I turned and walked homewards. I was certainly two or three hundred yards off the main track when I became aware of a man on horseback, who first hailed me and then rode towards me and finally mounted me in front of him and carried me into Lyttelton. The really interesting part of the story is this. Before leaving England, Blomfield and I had each

been given a knife with many fixings, and with our names engraved. I lost my knife on the plain on that day and never expected to see it again. However, it was picked up and was afterwards forwarded to me at Sydney.

We had some difficulty in getting away from Lyttelton. My father first tried to get passages on board a Yankee barque bound to Panama, via Valparaiso. The skipper, however, wriggled out of the bargain saying that "via" meant "to," and tried to stick on more passage money from Valparaiso to Panama. Finally we left for Wellington on board a little brigantine of 150 tons. We were about a week getting to Wellington and, I think, about three weeks from there to Sydney. She was pretty uncomfortable, but I don't think B and I did badly when we got over our first seasickness. The skipper's son was on board - a horrid red haired boy, who used to cheat at marbles! The mate was a great friend of mine, and on parting gave me a precious relic in the shape of a horse pistol, with which a brutal murder had been committed in Sydney Harbour. It was most thrilling. You could see the dents in the butt caused by knocking a boy's brains out! And, would you believe it? My cruel parents would not let me keep it and made me return it to the donor.

Ada was born soon after we arrived at Sydney. She and her mother survived all the hardships endured on board the *William and Alfred*! No wonder your grandmother lived to be 93! She must have been tough.

The ships on the Australian station then were the *Havannah*, corvette; the *Fly*, sloop, commanded by W. F. Martin (Fly Martin), under whom I served in the Mediterranean and at Plymouth when he was an admiral; and the *Acheron*, a paddle-wheel sloop, commanded by John Lort Stokes. He was our friend. He said if I were only three years older he would have taken me on board and have got the Admiralty to confirm the appointment.